

Saint Andrew's College Review



Easter
1923

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The St. Andrew's College Review



Easter, 1923

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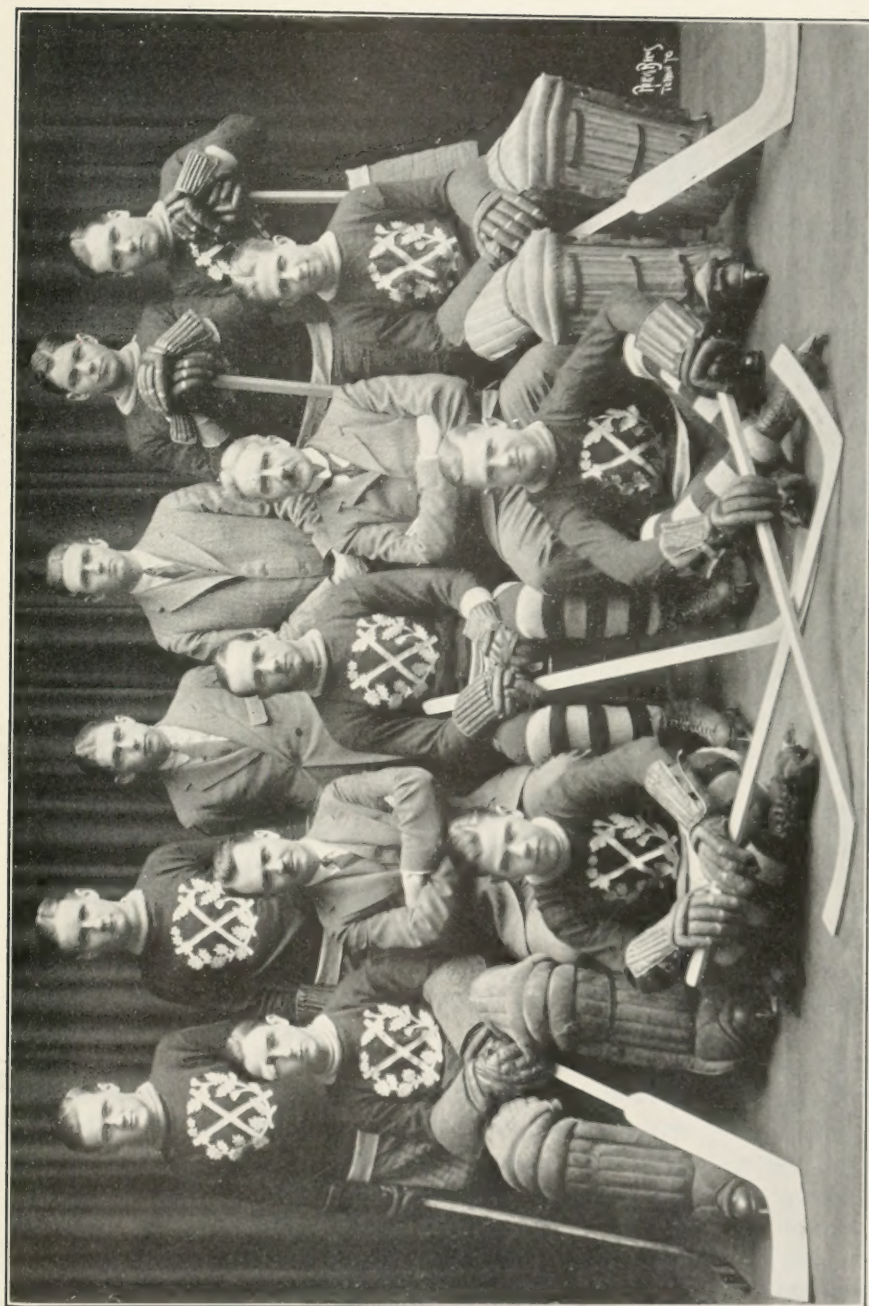
Issued by the Editorial Board

EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

Easter, 1923

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FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

St. Andrew's College Review

Easter, 1923

EDITORIAL.

In our editorials we do not attempt to cope with world-wide topics, nor do we attempt to solve great international questions, rather we try to give a record of progress throughout the term and in that way review the season's activities.

True to expectations our hockey teams were very successful. By the addition of another outdoor rink the Lower School boys are given a greater opportunity to practise. We have many potential hockeyists in the junior forms and too great care cannot be taken to develop them.

The scarcity of the influenza epidemic in the school is credited to long afternoons spent on the ice. The regular hours and competent medical attention received has been a very successful factor also in warding off this dread disease.

The Milk Committee innovated by our Physical Director is another instance of the care being taken to keep the boys fit. Every boy in the school is charted and those underweight are put on a special milk diet. The dispensing of the milk is handled entirely by a committee of boys.

In spite of the snow-covered ground the Cadet Corps work is still going on. Twice a week shooting contests are held, and with a medal for the boy who improves as well as one for the most efficient the interest taken is very keen. This shooting not only teaches the Cadets a knowledge of the rifle but also tends toward a steadiness of eye and hand.

We are proud to claim as one of our number, John B. Moore, Controller in the Boy's Council. St. Andrew's Old Boys have always taken an important part in public life. We are glad to see that in

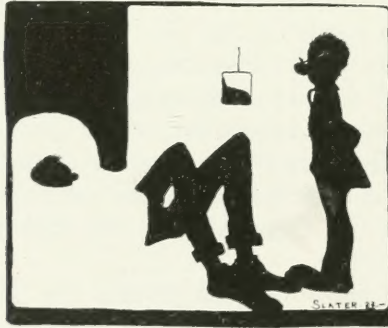
Moore we have one who is not content to wait for the hands of time to fit him for this work.

The St. Andrew's College Curriculum is patterned largely on the English Preparatory Schools. By introducing "Self Government" to a large degree, much work which otherwise would necessitate the presence of a master is handled by Prefects. The evening study is now in charge of one of these senior boys on certain nights of the week.

We regret very much that sickness has necessitated the absence of our matron, Miss McCollum, since the Christmas vacation. We hope for her early recovery. The Matron's duties in the School, which are many and exacting, are being ably supervised by Mrs. Macdonald.

With the long winter term successfully over and the Exams. looming disquietingly near, we welcome the Easter holiday as a slight breathing space before the final dash for the goal—the Mid-summer Examination.

C. H. A.



INTIMATE GLANCES INTO THE LIFE OF KING TUT-ANKH-AMEN.

BY A CONTEMPORARY HISTORIAN

Tut-ankh-Amen, King of Egypt, was one of many Pharoahs who were born in a one-ox town on the lower Nile. From his mother he inherited dark hair and a pair of ears; while his father bequeathed him a Shetland pony and a long black beard. Thus he came into the world equipped with all the characteristics of a champion pyramid builder.

Both his father and mother died of sunburn and exposure, regardless of the fact that Palmolive complexion soap had been in continuous use in Egypt for over a hundred years. At the time they died "Tutty" was ten years old, and the throne had to be kept in repair by a corporation of Sumerian bamboo-growers until he became of age.

During his early years "Tutty" was a normal Egyptian boy and at the age of sixteen could walk and talk. It is even said that on the occasion of his fifteenth birthday he astonished the temple priests by murmuring the word "ouch" as he knelt before the goddess Isis; it being a significant fact that the pluperfect tense of the verb "ouch" is the Egyptian national anthem.

At the age of sixteen he left the guiding hand of his tutor and became enrolled among the younger Egyptian nobles at a "prep" school in Alexandria.

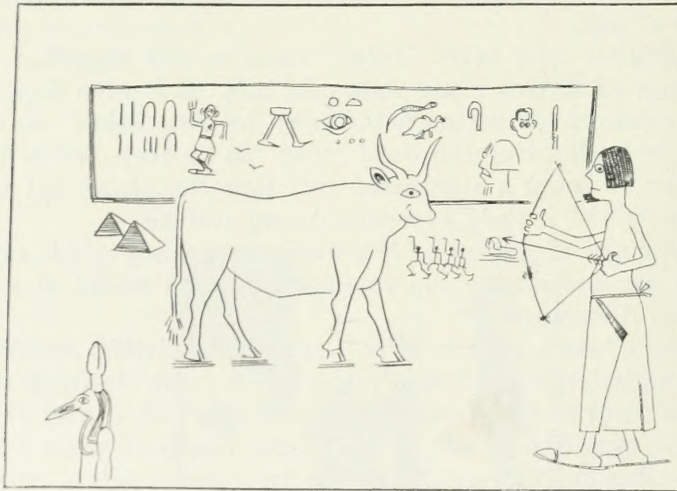
Here he took a prominent part in school activities and displayed those characteristics of leadership which were destined to make him president of the Alexandria Rotary Club at a later date. His great strength and ability to shift large blocks of stone fitted him for the office of librarian during his first year at school, and it was only a matter of time before he became a prefect.

By his twentieth year "Tutty" had become a freshman at the university of Gizeh. There he paddled in the 'Varsity punt and was Intercollegiate champion at duck-on-the-rock. At the age of twenty-one he ascended the throne.

All Egypt put on its best attire for the coronation. The city of Alexandria was decked with flowers, and Japanese lanterns were hung upon every obelisk in the desert. Young girls did geometrical dances upon the street-corners, and several newly-laid eggs were sacrificed upon the altar when they failed to reach their mark.

Upon becoming king, Tut-ankh-Amen's first action was to introduce the practice of eating four meals a day instead of six. This decision resulted in greater prestige to the practice of medicine, and is merely mentioned in order to show the nature of his political philosophy. As a direct result of this interest being shown toward the learned professions much progress was made in the sphere of scientific inquiry.

Emir Taboo, an eminent economist, conceived the idea that two multiplied by two made five, but certain traders from Palestine proved the fallacy of the argument. However, as a direct result of the debate which ensued there was born the mathematical proverb: "Make everything equal to "X" and solve for "Y." This proved such a baffling argument under any circumstances that the court scientists gave up mathematics and commenced building pyramids.



"TUTTY SHOOTING THE BULL"

In his forty-sixth year Tut-ankh-Amen married a young princess of Crete. For many centuries there had been a keen enmity between Egypt and Crete, owing to disputed fishing privileges in the Dead Sea. However, it was thought that this fusion of royal families would prove a solution to the difficulty.

Uninterrupted peace now fell upon Egypt with a thud, and it could be said that in all the land there was not a single detour to thwart the hoofs of commerce. This happy state of affairs lasted until Tut-ankh-Amen's sixty-fourth year, being terminated then by his death.

shirts looking like a coat of armour. It would not be so bad if a can-opener was supplied, but we'd rather that starch was used instead of cement. And we think it would be a good idea to return our own laundry. We won't go so far as to say that it is our own, but it's what we sent them, and at any rate we are tired of receiving half a dozen aprons mixed with Eton collars of various sizes. A joke's a joke, but we won't have anything to do with hair ribbons and long silk stockings—absolutely valueless to us, except that we might use them for Christmas presents.

N'GOONG'S ALLIES.

The sun beat down fiercely on the little party camped on the bank of a shallow, unnamed river which separated the southern Sahara from a long arm of matted jungle that stretched from the desert to the great African forest.

Donald Willoughby gazed moodily through the doorway of his tent upon that dreary landscape and heartily cursed his luck which had brought him to such a desolate spot. It seemed ages, but in reality it was about two months since he had been sent out from Cairo to capture, dead or alive, Shiek Ahmed Akhbar, most notorious of the Central African Arabs, and the man who was chiefly responsible for a big uprising which cost several score of Christians their lives. They were merely the forerunners of a fairly large force, but as this had not yet arrived and it was necessary to work quickly before Akhbar could be joined by other rebels, it appeared that the major portion of the work was going to fall on their shoulders.

A cherry voice behind him suddenly broke in on his reverie. "Hullo, Don, what is the matter with you, you look as if you were being eaten."

Willoughby turned with a grunt and saw his chum, Jack Crane, quietly chuckling at him, but he was in no mood for laughing, and snapped back, "Matter, do you think it is fun to swill through this confounded desert for weeks, to lose the rest of the expedition, to have to fight a gang of dirty Arabs almost single-handed, and to have all our chicken-hearted carriers desert us? Matter? Pah!"

"Hold hard, old boy," remonstrated Crane. "It is not really as bad as you make out, and all the carriers have not left us, we have still got N'Goong."

"Yes, that's one comfort. By the way where's Béhan at present?"

"He went out with N'Goong while you were asleep, about an hour ago. He went to look for a ford, where we could cross the river. I say, Don."

"Well?"

"Somehow I've never trusted that chap, I've got a sort of hunch that he is not quite straight."

"Nonsense! He is as straight as anybody. Here they come, now."

It was true, coming slowly towards them were Béhan and N'Goong, the two other members of the little party.

Henri de Béhan was a tall, good-looking young Frenchman whom they had met at Assuan, and who had offered to guide them to Akhbar's village. He had been educated at Cambridge and spoke English perfectly. He told them that on coming to Africa he had run foul of Akhbar, and several attempts had been made on his life. He appealed to the French officials, but as they were powerless to help him, he had visited Egypt in the hope of securing protection amongst the British, and there he met Willoughby and Crane and decided to throw in his lot with them.

N'Goong was a tall, strong native of the Tikari tribe. He had been given a little education by a missionary, and proclaimed himself a Christian. His English, though vile, was steadily improving and he was certainly a faithful servant, for when the six Egyptians had deserted from fear of the powerful Arab chief, he had remained steadfastly loyal to his masters.

"Hullo, you two. Did you find one?" Crane hailed them as soon as they came within speaking distance.

Béhan nodded and quickened his pace, N'Goong following. The Frenchman entered the tent and began a long explanation of their journey and of a ford they had discovered about two miles north of the camp, ending with, "Now we must go there at once and cross the ford and that strip of plain beyond till we come to the beginning of the forest. There is a little valley where we can camp for the night and to-morrow we will enter the forest and reach Ahmed Akhbar's village that evening, but we must be very careful, for Akhbar has many spies and there are pigmies in the woods also."

That night a curious thing happened. When the other two were sound asleep, Béhan rose and stepped quietly to the door of the tent. N'Goong, who was guarding the camp, was looking the other way and the Frenchman quickly slipped out of the door and flung himself face downwards in the long grass. Then with won-

derful stealth and quickness, he wormed his way across the ravine into the shadow of a large, rocky boulder and uttered twice a peculiar whistling call. This was instantly repeated and a tall ghost-like figure rose from the grass a little to his right. Béhan stepped forward and joined him, and the two conversed in low tones for a few minutes, then the figure bowed and glided away, while Béhan returned to camp, flung himself down on his blankets and fell asleep.

They started early next morning and travelled for about three hours when the catastrophe happened. They were swinging along a well-marked game track when they heard a yell from the forest and a score of Arabs burst through the undergrowth into the trail about a hundred yards ahead of them and charged forward, while at the same time others attacked them from behind.

Béhan turned to Crane and with a mock bow, he said: "Allow me, Mr. Crane, to present the soldiers of that very bad gentleman Shiek Akhbar, who was so rude to this poor Frenchman. Are you not honoured?"

"You cur," shouted Crane, "you—you—" Here words failed him and he flung himself upon the smiling Frenchman, but it was too late, for he was seized from behind, bound, gagged, and blindfolded, while Willoughby was treated in a like manner.

"What shall we do with the black dog, master?" asked one of the Arabs pointing to N'Goong who had been knocked down and was being held by two big, husky ruffians who rendered him powerless.

"Bring him along," said Béhan, "but do not trouble to bind or gag him, for it matters little if he escapes."

This order was promptly obeyed, and as both Crane and Willoughby had their feet free and were each guided by an Arab, the party set off, up the trail, towards the Arab village.

They journeyed all day but it was not until they were within a mile or two of their destination that something happened, and this thing trivial as it may have seemed to their captors, was really the means of bringing about their liberation.

They had been proceeding for about an hour in silence, when suddenly a bedlam of noise broke out behind them, in which they could distinguish shouting, Arab cursing, racing feet, and a yell of triumphant delight. Blindfolded as they were, the Englishmen could see nothing, but they heard Béhan, who had been marching at the head of the column shout angrily, "Ho, fools, what is the matter?"

"'Twas the black dog, master," replied one of N'Goong's guards humbly. "He has escaped."

"How did it happen?" inquired Béhan, his tone becoming less angry.

"He had been marching very quietly for several hours, and suddenly turned on us like a demon. He tripped Ali and sprang at me so suddenly, that I let go of him, and he was off into the jungle so quickly we could not stop him."

"Well, as I said, it does not matter, Shiek Akhbar wants only the white men, and the black will be captured and killed by the pigmies. Are any pursuing him?"

"No master."

"Very well." He returned to the head of the column, which resumed its former position and set out once more.

About half-an-hour later they arrived at the village and entering a gate which was flung open before them, the captives, still blindfolded, were shoved down a narrow street between rows of jeering, spitting Arabs to the main square, where the bandages which covered their eyes, and their gags were removed, and they found themselves in the presence of Shiek Ahmed Akhbar and his principal warriors.

The Shiek was perhaps the most repulsive person either of them had ever seen. He was short and stocky, with horrible leering features, a long-pointed nose and small beady eyes like those of a snake. Though fairly old he was as agile as a cat and his whole aspect was that of one who ruled by cruelty and brute force.

His first action was to embrace Béhan, and compliment him on his "fine work." Then he glared at the boys, spat upon them, and growled, "What come ye here for?"

"To capture you, oh Shiek," replied Willoughby, boldly "In order that you may receive punishment at the hands of the British officials."

The Shiek's little eyes glinted wickedly. "And what do the British officials want me for?" he demanded.

"For being responsible for a rebellion in Cairo, which cost the lives of many Christians."

"Pah! dog! I care not a straw for all the British in the world."

"Maybe you don't," said Willoughby quietly, "but all the same, they'll get you in the end."

"Take them away," screamed the Shiek furiously, "Take them away, and to-morrow they will see what Ahmed Akhbar does to the British who interfere with him."

They were instantly seized and borne to a large building in the centre of the village. Here their feet were securely bound, though their gags and bandages for their eyes were not replaced. They were hustled up a flight of rickety steps and bundled into a small, badly ventilated room, where their guards left them, after securely bolting the door.

As they were very tired after the day's mishaps they wasted no time in idle conversation, but flung themselves down and immediately fell asleep. They were awakened next morning by one of their guards who brought them some food and a jug of water. He released the thongs that bound their arms while they ate, then left with the pleasant news that Ahmed Akhbar would show them that afternoon that he was not the man to be trifled with.

The hours sped fast, far too quickly for the liking of the two luckless prisoners, until about one o'clock, when the comparative quiet of the village was broken by a howling war-cry in a strange and savage tongue. This was followed in due succession by screams of women and children, shrieks of wounded and dying men, crashing of rusty firearms and above all that hideous war-cry repeated again and again.

Rising clumsily, the captives stumbled forward towards a small iron-barred window in the wall of their cell, and here a curious sight met their eyes. Attacking the city from all points of the compass were hundreds of pigmies—those horrible, dwarfish men of the great forest, armed with long spears and crude bows. Facing these were a line of Arabs, who were going down like paper before that wild attack. Only a few in the main square of the village, who had some old and rusty rifles were able to hold their own against these demons of the jungle.

So intent were the two captives on what was going on before them that they paid no attention to anything happening behind, and they received a distinct shock when the door opened and Ahmed Akhbar stalked into the room. "Ye dogs of Christians, ye unbelievers" he stormed, "So this is your plotting, ye are responsible for this, are ye? Then—pay for it!"

The wave of anger which he had shown at first had changed to one of calm, deliberate cruelty as he plucked a knife from his girdle and advanced upon them. Suddenly he shot out his foot and with great dexterity tripped Willoughby and flung him to the floor, then with deadly slowness brought his knife down towards his captive's unprotected breast.

Then like a streak of lightning a tall black figure sprang through the open doorway on to Akhbar's stooping back, at the same time clutching the Arab's arm with such violence that the knife dropped from his grasp and clattered harmlessly on the floor. The black was followed by a rush of pigmies who hurled Akhbar to the ground and a moment later a long and dangerous spear passed through the heart of one of Africa's greatest villains.

Some of the dwarfs had advanced upon the two captives, but a sharp command from the black stopped them, and then he himself stepped forward, and they saw it was N'Goong.

Five minutes later, as they sat upon a little knoll of ground in the outskirts of the village, watching the dwarfs burning, plundering, and murdering, as befitted conquerors who knew no mercy, N'Goong told them his story, the gist of which was as follows.

After escaping from the Arabs he had wandered through the jungle for many hours until he had been captured by some pigmy warriors who had taken him to their village for torture. Here he found the chief to be no other than a pigmy whom he had saved from a leopard several years before. The chief at once set him free, punished his captors severely, entertained him royally for the night, and willingly agreed to provide him with men for the attack on the Arab village, for, as it turned out later, the pigmies had been trying for years to find an excuse to attack their neighbours, and hailed N'Goong's arrival as a heaven-sent opportunity. "And dere, Massa" ended the faithful Tikari, "is a very badums man, who won't be no badums, no more," and gazing in the direction he indicated, they saw among the ruins the form of him who had once been Henri de Béhan.

MACDONALD II.

AN INVOCATION TO THE GODS OF EGYPT.

BY T. F. ASPDEN

O Ra! thou mighty spirit! power supreme!
Do thou a greater Egypt, idly dream?
Prevent these desecrations of her tombs;
Unhallowed feet do tread thy sacred rooms.
The hands of aliens roughly touch thy dead.
Can all thy power, thrice glorious Ra, be fled?
Rise, crush these vandals to the senseless ground
Or drive them into unknown depths profound.

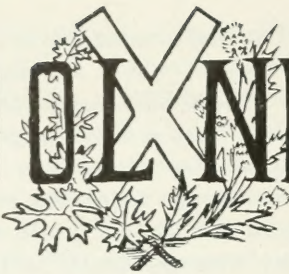
O Isis, queen of tenderness and love!
Is not thy pity roused, where far above
You watch your noblest Pharaohs' rest disturbed?
I wonder that thou keep'st thine anger curbed!
Thy sacred temples now are opened wide
And nought of reverence there can be descried.
Rise up, thou calm and stately queen of night,——
Egypt awaits thy coming, wrath-bedight.

Osiris, mighty judge, and God of death!
Take from these robbers, life's great blessing, breath.
God of the dead see'st thou not all these things?
Look down upon thy chosen priests and kings.
Osiris! in thy deathless wisdom, find
Some cure that proves the triumph of the mind.
Swoop down, and in thy all-consuming ire
Drive them away from Lybia's sands of fire.

Anubis, son of Isis queen of night!
Who judg'st of time the swiftly passing flight,
Most ancient of all ancient dieties
Bring down these ruffians to their bended knees.
Anubis of the sacred Jackal head!
To thine own burning Sep, may they be led.
Give thy protection to thy greatest men
Till Egypt's glory shall be seen again.

Come Ra, with thine all-seeing bounteous grace
Drive off these vandals from earth's ravaged face.
Come Isis, lovely Isis, queen divine,
Protect with all thy pity what is thine.
Anubis and Osiris now draw nigh,
Bring forth thy wisdom from the boundless sky,
The time has come again for Egypt's life.
Come Ra, bring greater Pharaohs to the strife.

SCHOOL NEWS



THE GYMNASIUM FIRE.

This term the school experienced the first fire it has had since its beginning, and while not serious, this provided an evening full of excitement, smoke and water for all the boys. Everyone was in evening study when suddenly, about half-past eight, the cry of fire was raised, and with the Andread's usual efficiency every fire alarm in the building was rung, and as smoke and flames were coming from the gym., four hose lines were run from the windows of the Lower Flat and ground floor, and soon the boys had a good stream of water playing on the building. More of the boys grabbed the chemicals, and rushing outside attempted to play these on the blaze, but they made little impression.

About ten minutes later the fire reels arrived, but by this time the fire had secured a firm hold on the south end of the "gym.," but in spite of dense smoke four boys had a stream of water working on the passage between the gym. and the school, and fortunately the fire failed to get a hold on the main building.

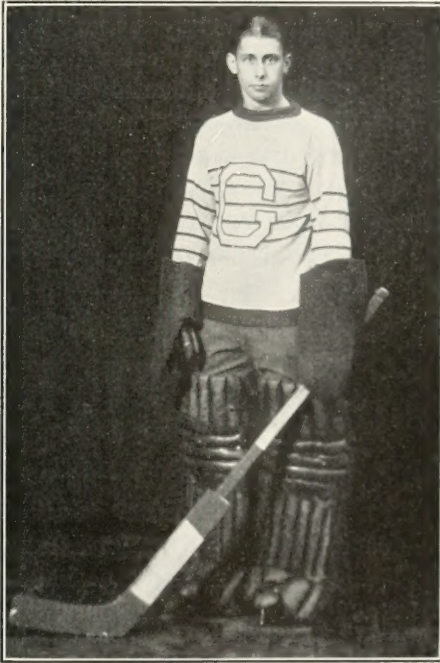
In the meantime the boys had placed a hoseline on the roof, and were playing a fair stream on the belfry, where the flames had got the strongest hold, and a few minutes later were followed by the firemen with a larger hose. The firemen, having a longer length of hose, proceeded to climb up the roof, aided by more of our boys, but when half way up, a "kink" got in the lower part of the hose and the new force made the firemen slip, when the stream, instead of playing on the fire, played on the amateur fire brigade who were directing the other hose! The boys were drenched, but were able to continue with their work.

In about an hour the fire was out, and a hungry bunch of wet boys and firemen assembled in the kitchen for hot coffee, and then a steaming shower, and as they sank comfortably to bed, voted the evening an entire success, and one of the best times in years.

R. H. A.

OUR HEAD PREFECT.

The proper way to begin a sketch of this kind would be after this fashion: "John Archibald Cameron first saw the light of day, etc., etc." But we don't very much care where John "first saw the light of day,"—most of us know, anyway. The important point is that if John had only seen that light a few days later than he did



J. A. CAMERON, HEAD PREFECT
1922-23

he would have played hockey for St. Andrew's College in the Junior O. H. A. instead of helping the Granites win the senior championship.

Last year we published Jack's photograph dressed as a gentleman and looking like an advertisement for a new collar or a hair cream, in other words, looking like a real Head Prefect. Here we have him stripped for action—no, I don't mean that! Here we have him clad in his armour. This is the way he looks when the opposing forward line is swooping down on him. It is any wonder they seldom score?

THE DANCE.

On February 16th the Annual Cadet Corps Dance was held, and, as in former years, was a tremendous success. Dr. and Mrs. MacDonald received at the door of the Assembly Hall, which had been tastefully decorated with ferns and plants for the occasion. The class room to the rear of the Hall was fitted out as a corner for the tired dancers, while benches lined every corridor.

At eight-thirty the dancing started, and kept on until ten, when supper was served in the dining room. This, also, had been decorated with flags and greens—but the dancers did not tarry long, and soon were fox-trotting again to the strains of “Homesick”—which was not very appropriate for the occasion!

In the “wee sma’ hours” the dance broke up, and the tired boys crept upstairs to remove a ten ton tunic, and a twenty ton kilt. Sleep comes to all—but—the rising bell—did some one say the orchestra played “Homesick”?

R. H. A.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Our Friday evenings this term have been made pleasant by the meetings of the Literary Society. Whether the talent has a musical or an oratorical character, the aim of the Literary Society is to develop it. Although the past term was a short one, the Society discovered a fair amount of new talent among the boys. The speeches were of a more serious and educational nature than has always been the case, and the music was at all times most pleasing. Our programmes were often enhanced by contributions from visitors, who very kindly consented to provide music for us. It would be a laborious task indeed to give in detail our activities during the past season, and it is enough, I think, to say that it was the most successful year we have had for some time. However, we would like to express our sincere thanks to Mrs. Whitehead, Mrs. Graham, Miss Storer, Mr. Fleming, Mr. Cousland and the Zeta Psi Orchestra for their kindness in entertaining us. The assistance of these visitors was more than enjoyed by the boys and we look forward to having them with us again. The climax of our most successful season will be the Oratorical Contest, for which Dr. MacDonald has very kindly donated two medals.

J. V. R.

THE SHOOTING COMPETITION.

Our annual shooting competition in conjunction with the Cadet Corps, has been carried on with exceptional success, and it is expected that the results of this year will surpass all previous records. Every member of the Cadet Corps, including the band, has the privilege of shooting twice a week at the Armouries. The boys are showing great enthusiasm, and the competition has been keen. The Lee-Enfield rifle is used at the twenty-five yard range, the target appearing the same as a four foot target would at a two hundred yard range. The object of the shooting is "grouping," that is to say, a full score is registered when all five rounds are within an inch circle. This arrangement is to eliminate the erratic marksman. There are numerous cups and medals which will be awarded for proficiency in marksmanship. In order to create competition among the beginners, a special medal is to be presented to the boy showing the most improvement. As this article goes to press the contest has not yet finished, and the boys are eagerly awaiting the results.

J. V. R.

THE FENCING CLUB.

Towards the end of last term, when the football season had come to a close, several fencing enthusiasts expressed the desire to form a Fencing Club, in order to promote fencing at the College.

Accordingly, a meeting was held and the following officers were elected:—Hon. Pres., Dr. Macdonald; Pres., Mr. Chapman; Capt., J. W. Robertson; Secretary, S. B. Wood.

It was decided to form a team which could compete with other clubs. Unfortunately, fencing is not a very well known sport, and it was difficult to secure matches for our team. The University of Toronto Fencing Club, however, extended us an invitation to go to Hart House twice a week. In that manner we enjoyed several hours of good practice with the Varsity fencers, and we learned many new points.

We are greatly indebted to Gord. Hewitt for his interest in us, and the facilities which he gave us at Hart House. It will be remembered by both present and Old Boys of the College that Hewitt won the championship of the College for several years while he was here.

The Club has been successful in its first year, and it is hoped that it will increase in membership, and that more interest will be taken in fencing by those who come to S. A. C. after we have passed on.

S. WOOD.

THE MILK ASSOCIATION.

During this term Mr. E. A. Chapman, our physical director, noted that a large number of day boys and boarders were underweight, and to remedy this state of affairs he formed the St. Andrew's College Milk Association, with the object of giving every boy milk at recess and after school.

A committee comprising four boys, Reid, Beer, Cameron II., and Anderson, was formed to run the business and distributing end, and at present everything is running smoothly, and most of the underweight boys are showing gains.

It is said that the only objection to this movement is that soon the boys will have to buy new belts, as the present ones are getting "nearer to the end, and nearer to the end, every pint and every quart."

R. H. A.

"PICTURES OF THE PAST."

During the past term the school availed itself of the opportunity to attend the series of lectures, "Pictures of the Past," delivered by Madame Grace Smith, in whom S.A.C. has naturally an especial interest. The capacity of the Hart House was taxed to its fullest extent on all three occasions. These musical talks were characterized by the realistic portrayal of the subject and the winning personality of Madame Smith, while her endless source of information and her musical illustrations were a constant delight to her enthusiastic audiences. Madame Smith needs no introduction to music lovers, for she is a well-known pianist, and her artistic touch and finished style were at all times evident. Her last "Picture" was of "Old France," and in it Madame Smith excelled even

her former triumphs. She was costumed in a beautiful flowered brocade Court dress which was itself two hundred years old, and personified the very grace and daintiness of the 17th century. Madame Smith charmingly sketched, with musical interludes, the development of French music from the time of Louis XIV to that of Saint-Amand, giving us intimate glimpses of that most interesting period. These "Pictures" are the expression of real art by a real artist and we appreciate the opportunity of attending something so well worth while.

J. V. R.

THE TORONTO MENDELSSOHN CHOIR.

One of the most enjoyable evenings of the past term was that of the fifteenth of February, when the School attended the concert given by the Toronto Mendelssohn Chior. This famous choir is at the pinnacle of its career, and under its capable direction bids fair to exceed, if possible, its already peerless triumphs. This season an organization of this kind suffered a great deal owing to the ravages of the influenza. However, by the perseverance and courage of Dr. Fricker it carried on in spite of illness, and the result shows that the Mendelssohn Choir has achieved even greater success.

The sopranos and contraltos showed to perfection in the choral hymns from the Rigveda by Gustav Holst. The increased brilliance of the soprano section was again in evidence, and their performance reflects creditably on the untiring efforts of Dr. Fricker. The tone of the choir this year was at all times diamond-like in its clarity and free from the usual shrillness. The beauty of the tone shadings was much in evidence in the dignified "Church Cantata" of Bach. In this massive chorale the choir showed their careful training, working up to a splendid climax. The soloists, Miss Marie Tiffany, and Mr. John Barclay, sang with artistic insight, and were most pleasing.

The choir was again ably assisted by the Philadelphia Orchestra which added greatly to the attractiveness of the programme. Mr. Leopold Stokowski conducts what is undoubtedly the best orchestra on this continent. Its success is in a large part due to the wonderful magnetism of its leader. This scoreless conductor seems to possess an electrical personality. It is indeed a pleasure to watch the never-failing grace of his every movement. His interpretation

of the final movement of Brahms's C Minor Symphony makes it quite unforgettable. All the orchestral numbers were rendered with rare finesse and feeling. The closing arrangement of Sibelius' "Finlandia" brought out the mellow tone of the strings.

The programme was truly an enjoyable one, but I feel it my duty to add that it was rather long. If the heads of these two splendid organizations would only collaborate on shortening, to some extent, their concerts, I am sure that it would go far to make this sort of music even more popular with the music-loving people of Toronto.

J. V. R.



" BETWEEN PERIODS "

HOCKEY



While the first team did not go as far as they did last year, they had a fair amount of success, all things being duly considered. With the youngest aggregation of players in the O.H.A., the team made a name for themselves by their hard work and fighting spirit. Three games were won and five lost, while two resulted in ties. In total goals, we broke exactly even, getting forty goals while a like number were scored against us.

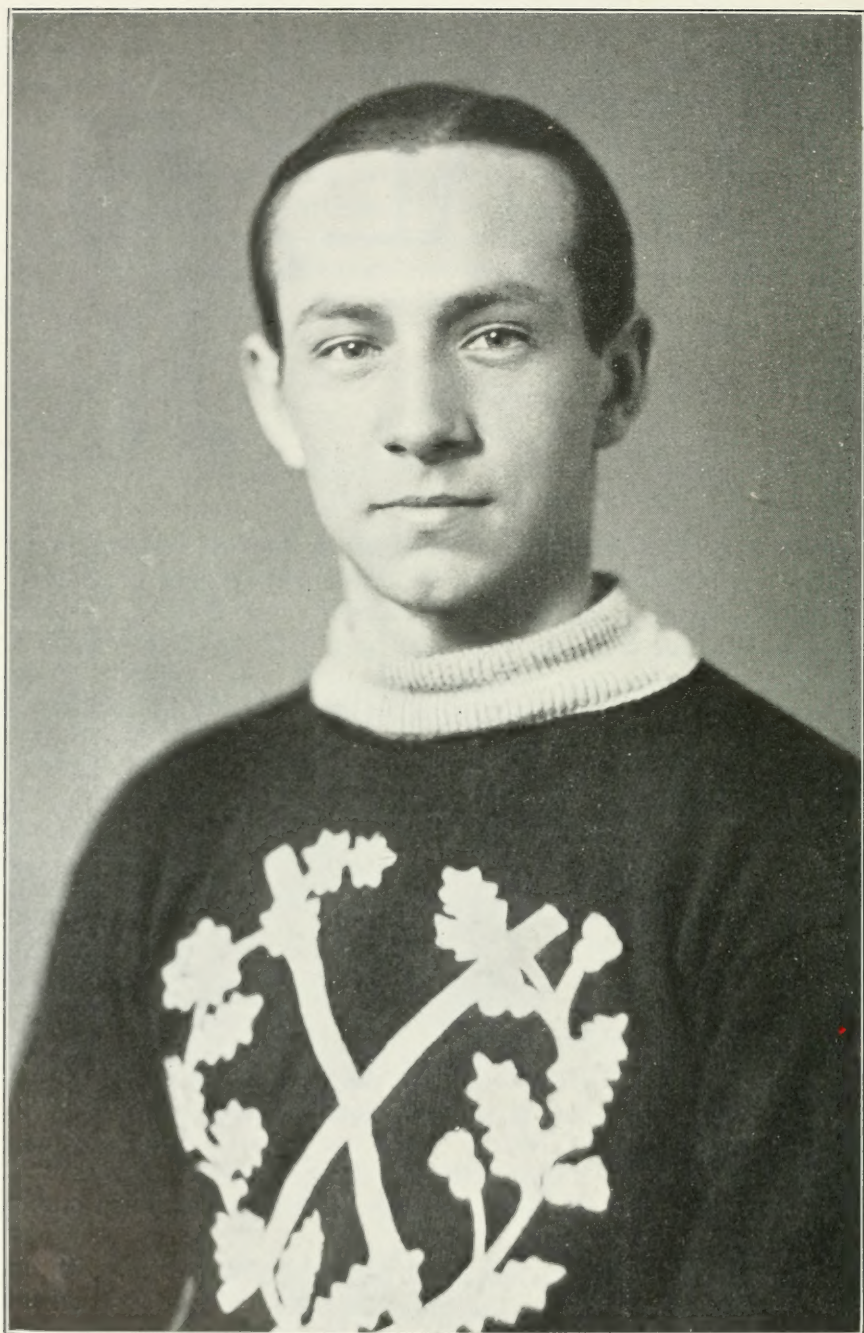
In the S.P.A. series the team showed great promise, blanking U.C.C. and holding the good 'Varsity Juniors to a 6 to 3 score. The first group game was easily won, but the next, an overtime contest was lost by one goal. After this the team seemed to lose some of it pep, and, although always giving their best, they failed to win another group game.

PERSONNEL.

REID, "GERRY."—Goal.—Usually played a good, steady game, and was especially good on close-in shots. Starred in the first St. Mike's game.

CAMERON, "JOE."—Goal.—Shared the goal-keeping duties with Reid. His work in the play-off with St. Mike's reminded one of brother Jack last year.

PAUL, "ROSS."—R. Defence.—A beautiful skater who, with his wicked shot, heads the goal-scoring list. He breaks fast, and his rushes are always dangerous.



F. M. LYON, CAPTAIN FIRST HOCKEY TEAM, 1923

shirts looking like a coat of armour. It would not be so bad if a can-opener was supplied, but we'd rather that starch was used instead of cement. And we think it would be a good idea to return our own laundry. We won't go so far as to say that it is our own, but it's what we sent them, and at any rate we are tired of receiving half a dozen aprons mixed with Eton collars of various sizes. A joke's a joke, but we won't have anything to do with hair ribbons and long silk stockings—absolutely valueless to us, except that we might use them for Christmas presents.

N'GOONG'S ALLIES.

The sun beat down fiercely on the little party camped on the bank of a shallow, unnamed river which separated the southern Sahara from a long arm of matted jungle that stretched from the desert to the great African forest.

Donald Willoughby gazed moodily through the doorway of his tent upon that dreary landscape and heartily cursed his luck which had brought him to such a desolate spot. It seemed ages, but in reality it was about two months since he had been sent out from Cairo to capture, dead or alive, Shiek Ahmed Akhbar, most notorious of the Central African Arabs, and the man who was chiefly responsible for a big uprising which cost several score of Christians their lives. They were merely the forerunners of a fairly large force, but as this had not yet arrived and it was necessary to work quickly before Akhbar could be joined by other rebels, it appeared that the major portion of the work was going to fall on their shoulders.

A cherry voice behind him suddenly broke in on his reverie. "Hullo, Don, what is the matter with you, you look as if you were being eaten."

Willoughby turned with a grunt and saw his chum, Jack Crane, quietly chuckling at him, but he was in no mood for laughing, and snapped back, "Matter, do you think it is fun to swill through this confounded desert for weeks, to lose the rest of the expedition, to have to fight a gang of dirty Arabs almost single-handed, and to have all our chicken-hearted carriers desert us? Matter? Pah!"

"Hold hard, old boy," remonstrated Crane. "It is not really as bad as you make out, and all the carriers have not left us, we have still got N'Goong."

"Yes, that's one comfort. By the way where's Béhan at present?"

"He went out with N'Goong while you were asleep, about an hour ago. He went to look for a ford, where we could cross the river. I say, Don."

"Well?"

"Somehow I've never trusted that chap, I've got a sort of hunch that he is not quite straight."

"Nonsense! He is as straight as anybody. Here they come, now."

It was true, coming slowly towards them were Béhan and N'Goong, the two other members of the little party.

Henri de Béhan was a tall, good-looking young Frenchman whom they had met at Assuan, and who had offered to guide them to Akhbar's village. He had been educated at Cambridge and spoke English perfectly. He told them that on coming to Africa he had run foul of Akhbar, and several attempts had been made on his life. He appealed to the French officials, but as they were powerless to help him, he had visited Egypt in the hope of securing protection amongst the British, and there he met Willoughby and Crane and decided to throw in his lot with them.

N'Goong was a tall, strong native of the Tikari tribe. He had been given a little education by a missionary, and proclaimed himself a Christian. His English, though vile, was steadily improving and he was certainly a faithful servant, for when the six Egyptians had deserted from fear of the powerful Arab chief, he had remained steadfastly loyal to his masters.

"Hullo, you two. Did you find one?" Crane hailed them as soon as they came within speaking distance.

Béhan nodded and quickened his pace, N'Goong following. The Frenchman entered the tent and began a long explanation of their journey and of a ford they had discovered about two miles north of the camp, ending with, "Now we must go there at once and cross the ford and that strip of plain beyond till we come to the beginning of the forest. There is a little valley where we can camp for the night and to-morrow we will enter the forest and reach Ahmed Akhbar's village that evening, but we must be very careful, for Akhbar has many spies and there are pigmies in the woods also."

That night a curious thing happened. When the other two were sound asleep, Béhan rose and stepped quietly to the door of the tent. N'Goong, who was guarding the camp, was looking the other way and the Frenchman quickly slipped out of the door and flung himself face downwards in the long grass. Then with won-

derful stealth and quickness, he wormed his way across the ravine into the shadow of a large, rocky boulder and uttered twice a peculiar whistling call. This was instantly repeated and a tall ghost-like figure rose from the grass a little to his right. Béhan stepped forward and joined him, and the two conversed in low tones for a few minutes, then the figure bowed and glided away, while Béhan returned to camp, flung himself down on his blankets and fell asleep.

They started early next morning and travelled for about three hours when the catastrophe happened. They were swinging along a well-marked game track when they heard a yell from the forest and a score of Arabs burst through the undergrowth into the trail about a hundred yards ahead of them and charged forward, while at the same time others attacked them from behind.

Béhan turned to Crane and with a mock bow, he said: "Allow me, Mr. Crane, to present the soldiers of that very bad gentleman Shiek Akhbar, who was so rude to this poor Frenchman. Are you not honoured?"

"You cur," shouted Crane, "you—you—" Here words failed him and he flung himself upon the smiling Frenchman, but it was too late, for he was seized from behind, bound, gagged, and blind-folded, while Willoughby was treated in a like manner.

"What shall we do with the black dog, master?" asked one of the Arabs pointing to N'Goong who had been knocked down and was being held by two big, husky ruffians who rendered him powerless.

"Bring him along," said Béhan, "but do not trouble to bind or gag him, for it matters little if he escapes."

This order was promptly obeyed, and as both Crane and Willoughby had their feet free and were each guided by an Arab, the party set off, up the trail, towards the Arab village.

They journeyed all day but it was not until they were within a mile or two of their destination that something happened, and this thing trivial as it may have seemed to their captors, was really the means of bringing about their liberation.

They had been proceeding for about an hour in silence, when suddenly a bedlam of noise broke out behind them, in which they could distinguish shouting, Arab cursing, racing feet, and a yell of triumphant delight. Blind-folded as they were, the Englishmen could see nothing, but they heard Béhan, who had been marching at the head of the column shout angrily, "Ho, fools, what is the matter?"

"'Twas the black dog, master," replied one of N'Goong's guards humbly. "He has escaped."

"How did it happen?" inquired Béhan, his tone becoming less angry.

"He had been marching very quietly for several hours, and suddenly turned on us like a demon. He tripped Ali and sprang at me so suddenly, that I let go of him, and he was off into the jungle so quickly we could not stop him."

"Well, as I said, it does not matter, Shiek Akhbar wants only the white men, and the black will be captured and killed by the pigmies. Are any pursuing him?"

"No master."

"Very well." He returned to the head of the column, which resumed its former position and set out once more.

About half-an-hour later they arrived at the village and entering a gate which was flung open before them, the captives, still blindfolded, were shoved down a narrow street between rows of jeering, spitting Arabs to the main square, where the bandages which covered their eyes, and their gags were removed, and they found themselves in the presence of Shiek Ahmed Akhbar and his principal warriors.

The Shiek was perhaps the most repulsive person either of them had ever seen. He was short and stocky, with horrible leering features, a long-pointed nose and small beady eyes like those of a snake. Though fairly old he was as agile as a cat and his whole aspect was that of one who ruled by cruelty and brute force.

His first action was to embrace Béhan, and compliment him on his "fine work." Then he glared at the boys, spat upon them, and growled, "What come ye here for?"

"To capture you, oh Shiek," replied Willoughby, boldly "In order that you may receive punishment at the hands of the British officials."

The Shiek's little eyes glinted wickedly. "And what do the British officials want me for?" he demanded.

"For being responsible for a rebellion in Cairo, which cost the lives of many Christians."

"Pah! dog! I care not a straw for all the British in the world."

"Maybe you don't," said Willoughby quietly, "but all the same, they'll get you in the end."

"Take them away," screamed the Shiek furiously, "Take them away, and to-morrow they will see what Ahmed Akhbar does to the British who interfere with him."

They were instantly seized and borne to a large building in the centre of the village. Here their feet were securely bound, though their gags and bandages for their eyes were not replaced. They were hustled up a flight of rickety steps and bundled into a small, badly ventilated room, where their guards left them, after securely bolting the door.

As they were very tired after the day's mishaps they wasted no time in idle conversation, but flung themselves down and immediately fell asleep. They were awakened next morning by one of their guards who brought them some food and a jug of water. He released the thongs that bound their arms while they ate, then left with the pleasant news that Ahmed Akhbar would show them that afternoon that he was not the man to be trifled with.

The hours sped fast, far too quickly for the liking of the two luckless prisoners, until about one o'clock, when the comparative quiet of the village was broken by a howling war-cry in a strange and savage tongue. This was followed in due succession by screams of women and children, shrieks of wounded and dying men, crashing of rusty firearms and above all that hideous war-cry repeated again and again.

Rising clumsily, the captives stumbled forward towards a small iron-barred window in the wall of their cell, and here a curious sight met their eyes. Attacking the city from all points of the compass were hundreds of pigmies—those horrible, dwarfish men of the great forest, armed with long spears and crude bows. Facing these were a line of Arabs, who were going down like paper before that wild attack. Only a few in the main square of the village, who had some old and rusty rifles were able to hold their own against these demons of the jungle.

So intent were the two captives on what was going on before them that they paid no attention to anything happening behind, and they received a distinct shock when the door opened and Ahmed Akhbar stalked into the room. "Ye dogs of Christians, ye unbelievers" he stormed, "So this is your plotting, ye are responsible for this, are ye? Then—pay for it!"

The wave of anger which he had shown at first had changed to one of calm, deliberate cruelty as he plucked a knife from his girdle and advanced upon them. Suddenly he shot out his foot and with great dexterity tripped Willoughby and flung him to the floor, then with deadly slowness brought his knife down towards his captive's unprotected breast.

Then like a streak of lightning a tall black figure sprang through the open doorway on to Akhbar's stooping back, at the same time clutching the Arab's arm with such violence that the knife dropped from his grasp and clattered harmlessly on the floor. The black was followed by a rush of pigmies who hurled Akhbar to the ground and a moment later a long and dangerous spear passed through the heart of one of Africa's greatest villains.

Some of the dwarfs had advanced upon the two captives, but a sharp command from the black stopped them, and then he himself stepped forward, and they saw it was N'Goong.

Five minutes later, as they sat upon a little knoll of ground in the outskirts of the village, watching the dwarfs burning, plundering, and murdering, as befitted conquerors who knew no mercy, N'Goong told them his story, the gist of which was as follows.

After escaping from the Arabs he had wandered through the jungle for many hours until he had been captured by some pigmy warriors who had taken him to their village for torture. Here he found the chief to be no other than a pigmy whom he had saved from a leopard several years before. The chief at once set him free, punished his captors severely, entertained him royally for the night, and willingly agreed to provide him with men for the attack on the Arab village, for, as it turned out later, the pigmies had been trying for years to find an excuse to attack their neighbours, and hailed N'Goong's arrival as a heaven-sent opportunity. "And dere, Massa" ended the faithful Tikari, "is a very badums man, who won't be no badums, no more," and gazing in the direction he indicated, they saw among the ruins the form of him who had once been Henri de Béhan.

MACDONALD II.

AN INVOCATION TO THE GODS OF EGYPT.

BY T. F. ASPDEN

O Ra! thou mighty spirit! power supreme!
 Do thou a greater Egypt, idly dream?
 Prevent these desecrations of her tombs;
 Unhallowed feet do tread thy sacred rooms.
 The hands of aliens roughly touch thy dead.
 Can all thy power, thrice glorious Ra, be fled?
 Rise, crush these vandals to the senseless ground
 Or drive them into unknown depths profound.

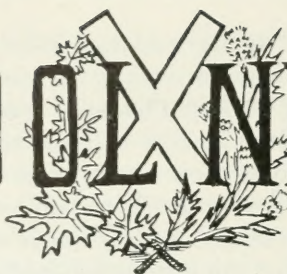
O Isis, queen of tenderness and love!
Is not thy pity roused, where far above
You watch your noblest Pharaohs' rest disturbed?
I wonder that thou keep'st thine anger curbed!
Thy sacred temples now are opened wide
And nought of reverence there can be descried.
Rise up, thou calm and stately queen of night,——
Egypt awaits thy coming, wrath-bedighted.

Osiris, mighty judge, and God of death!
Take from these robbers, life's great blessing, breath.
God of the dead see'st thou not all these things?
Look down upon thy chosen priests and kings.
Osiris! in thy deathless wisdom, find
Some cure that proves the triumph of the mind.
Swoop down, and in thy all-consuming ire
Drive them away from Lybia's sands of fire.

Anubis, son of Isis queen of night!
Who judg'st of time the swiftly passing flight,
Most ancient of all ancient dieties
Bring down these ruffians to their bended knees.
Anubis of the sacred Jackal head!
To thine own burning Sep, may they be led.
Give thy protection to thy greatest men
Till Egypt's glory shall be seen again.

Come Ra, with thine all-seeing bounteous grace
Drive off these vandals from earth's ravaged face.
Come Isis, lovely Isis, queen divine,
Protect with all thy pity what is thine.
Anubis and Osiris now draw nigh,
Bring forth thy wisdom from the boundless sky,
The time has come again for Egypt's life.
Come Ra, bring greater Pharaohs to the strife.

SCHOOL NEWS



THE GYMNASIUM FIRE.

This term the school experienced the first fire it has had since its beginning, and while not serious, this provided an evening full of excitement, smoke and water for all the boys. Everyone was in evening study when suddenly, about half-past eight, the cry of fire was raised, and with the Andrean's usual efficiency every fire alarm in the building was rung, and as smoke and flames were coming from the gym., four hose lines were run from the windows of the Lower Flat and ground floor, and soon the boys had a good stream of water playing on the building. More of the boys grabbed the chemicals, and rushing outside attempted to play these on the blaze, but they made little impression.

About ten minutes later the fire reels arrived, but by this time the fire had secured a firm hold on the south end of the "gym.," but in spite of dense smoke four boys had a stream of water working on the passage between the gym. and the school, and fortunately the fire failed to get a hold on the main building.

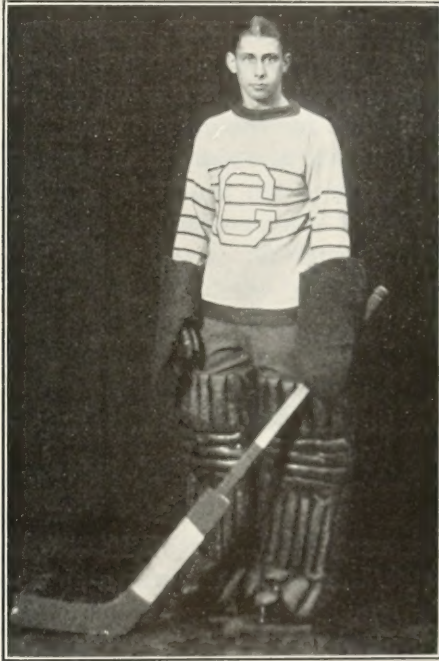
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In about an hour the fire was out, and a hungry bunch of wet boys and firemen assembled in the kitchen for hot coffee, and then a steaming shower, and as they sank comfortably to bed, voted the evening an entire success, and one of the best times in years.

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At eight-thirty the dancing started, and kept on until ten, when supper was served in the dining room. This, also, had been decorated with flags and greens—but the dancers did not tarry long, and soon were fox-trotting again to the strains of “Homesick”—which was not very appropriate for the occasion!

In the “wee sma’ hours” the dance broke up, and the tired boys crept upstairs to remove a ten ton tunic, and a twenty ton kilt. Sleep comes to all—but—the rising bell—did some one say the orchestra played “Homesick”?

R. H. A.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Our Friday evenings this term have been made pleasant by the meetings of the Literary Society. Whether the talent has a musical or an oratorical character, the aim of the Literary Society is to develop it. Although the past term was a short one, the Society discovered a fair amount of new talent among the boys. The speeches were of a more serious and educational nature than has always been the case, and the music was at all times most pleasing. Our programmes were often enhanced by contributions from visitors, who very kindly consented to provide music for us. It would be a laborious task indeed to give in detail our activities during the past season, and it is enough, I think, to say that it was the most successful year we have had for some time. However, we would like to express our sincere thanks to Mrs. Whitehead, Mrs. Graham, Miss Storer, Mr. Fleming, Mr. Cousland and the Zeta Psi Orchestra for their kindness in entertaining us. The assistance of these visitors was more than enjoyed by the boys and we look forward to having them with us again. The climax of our most successful season will be the Oratorical Contest, for which Dr. Macdonald has very kindly donated two medals.

J. V. R.

THE SHOOTING COMPETITION.

Our annual shooting competition in conjunction with the Cadet Corps, has been carried on with exceptional success, and it is expected that the results of this year will surpass all previous records. Every member of the Cadet Corps, including the band, has the privilege of shooting twice a week at the Armouries. The boys are showing great enthusiasm, and the competition has been keen. The Lee-Enfield rifle is used at the twenty-five yard range, the target appearing the same as a four foot target would at a two hundred yard range. The object of the shooting is "grouping," that is to say, a full score is registered when all five rounds are within an inch circle. This arrangement is to eliminate the erratic marksman. There are numerous cups and medals which will be awarded for proficiency in marksmanship. In order to create competition among the beginners, a special medal is to be presented to the boy showing the most improvement. As this article goes to press the contest has not yet finished, and the boys are eagerly awaiting the results.

J. V. R.

THE FENCING CLUB.

Towards the end of last term, when the football season had come to a close, several fencing enthusiasts expressed the desire to form a Fencing Club, in order to promote fencing at the College.

Accordingly, a meeting was held and the following officers were elected:—Hon. Pres., Dr. Macdonald; Pres., Mr. Chapman; Capt., J. W. Robertson; Secretary, S. B. Wood.

It was decided to form a team which could compete with other clubs. Unfortunately, fencing is not a very well known sport, and it was difficult to secure matches for our team. The University of Toronto Fencing Club, however, extended us an invitation to go to Hart House twice a week. In that manner we enjoyed several hours of good practice with the Varsity fencers, and we learned many new points.

We are greatly indebted to Gord. Hewitt for his interest in us, and the facilities which he gave us at Hart House. It will be remembered by both present and Old Boys of the College that Hewitt won the championship of the College for several years while he was here.

The Club has been successful in its first year, and it is hoped that it will increase in membership, and that more interest will be taken in fencing by those who come to S. A. C. after we have passed on.

S. WOOD.

THE MILK ASSOCIATION.

During this term Mr. E. A. Chapman, our physical director, noted that a large number of day boys and boarders were underweight, and to remedy this state of affairs he formed the St. Andrew's College Milk Association, with the object of giving every boy milk at recess and after school.

A committee comprising four boys, Reid, Beer, Cameron II., and Anderson, was formed to run the business and distributing end, and at present everything is running smoothly, and most of the underweight boys are showing gains.

It is said that the only objection to this movement is that soon the boys will have to buy new belts, as the present ones are getting "nearer to the end, and nearer to the end, every pint and every quart."

R. H. A.

"PICTURES OF THE PAST."

During the past term the school availed itself of the opportunity to attend the series of lectures, "Pictures of the Past," delivered by Madame Grace Smith, in whom S.A.C. has naturally an especial interest. The capacity of the Hart House was taxed to its fullest extent on all three occasions. These musical talks were characterized by the realistic portrayal of the subject and the winning personality of Madame Smith, while her endless source of information and her musical illustrations were a constant delight to her enthusiastic audiences. Madame Smith needs no introduction to music lovers, for she is a well-known pianist, and her artistic touch and finished style were at all times evident. Her last "Picture" was of "Old France," and in it Madame Smith excelled even

her former triumphs. She was costumed in a beautiful flowered brocade Court dress which was itself two hundred years old, and personified the very grace and daintiness of the 17th century. Madame Smith charmingly sketched, with musical interludes, the development of French music from the time of Louis XIV to that of Saint-Amand, giving us intimate glimpses of that most interesting period. These "Pictures" are the expression of real art by a real artist and we appreciate the opportunity of attending something so well worth while.

J. V. R.

THE TORONTO MENDELSSOHN CHOIR.

One of the most enjoyable evenings of the past term was that of the fifteenth of February, when the School attended the concert given by the Toronto Mendelssohn Chior. This famous choir is at the pinnacle of its career, and under its capable direction bids fair to exceed, if possible, its already peerless triumphs. This season an organization of this kind suffered a great deal owing to the ravages of the influenza. However, by the perseverance and courage of Dr. Fricker it carried on in spite of illness, and the result shows that the Mendelssohn Choir has achieved even greater success.

The sopranos and contraltos showed to perfection in the choral hymns from the Rigveda by Gustav Holst. The increased brilliance of the soprano section was again in evidence, and their performance reflects creditably on the untiring efforts of Dr. Fricker. The tone of the choir this year was at all times diamond-like in its clarity and free from the usual shrillness. The beauty of the tone shadings was much in evidence in the dignified "Church Cantata" of Bach. In this massive chorale the choir showed their careful training, working up to a splendid climax. The soloists, Miss Marie Tiffany, and Mr. John Barclay, sang with artistic insight, and were most pleasing.

The choir was again ably assisted by the Philadelphia Orchestra which added greatly to the attractiveness of the programme. Mr. Leopold Stokowski conducts what is undoubtedly the best orchestra on this continent. Its success is in a large part due to the wonderful magnetism of its leader. This scoreless conductor seems to possess an electrical personality. It is indeed a pleasure to watch the never-failing grace of his every movement. His interpretation

of the final movement of Brahms's C Minor Symphony makes it quite unforgettable. All the orchestral numbers were rendered with rare finesse and feeling. The closing arrangement of Sibelius' "Finlandia" brought out the mellow tone of the strings.

The programme was truly an enjoyable one, but I feel it my duty to add that it was rather long. If the heads of these two splendid organizations would only collaborate on shortening, to some extent, their concerts, I am sure that it would go far to make this sort of music even more popular with the music-loving people of Toronto.

J. V. R.



"BETWEEN PERIODS"

HOCKEY



While the first team did not go as far as they did last year, they had a fair amount of success, all things being duly considered. With the youngest aggregation of players in the O.H.A., the team made a name for themselves by their hard work and fighting spirit. Three games were won and five lost, while two resulted in ties. In total goals, we broke exactly even, getting forty goals while a like number were scored against us.

In the S.P.A. series the team showed great promise, blanking U.C.C. and holding the good 'Varsity Juniors to a 6 to 3 score. The first group game was easily won, but the next, an overtime contest was lost by one goal. After this the team seemed to lose some of it pep, and, although always giving their best, they failed to win another group game.

PERSONNEL.

REID, "GERRY."—Goal.—Usually played a good, steady game, and was especially good on close-in shots. Starred in the first St. Mike's game.

CAMERON, "JOE."—Goal.—Shared the goal-keeping duties with Reid. His work in the play-off with St. Mike's reminded one of brother Jack last year.

PAUL, "ROSS."—R. Defence.—A beautiful skater who, with his wicked shot, heads the goal-scoring list. He breaks fast, and his rushes are always dangerous.



F. M. LYON, CAPTAIN FIRST HOCKEY TEAM, 1923

CARRICK, "DON."—L. Defence.—Made a fine running-mate for Paul on the defence. He shows promise of being able to use his weight like his brother Jess. A greatly improved player over last year.

CALLIGHEN, "POTS."—Centre.—He has steadily improved since making his debut in the final St. Mary's game last year. Has had tough luck in not scoring more goals. A great worker and a hard player to get past.

MILLER, "FREDDY."—R. Wing.—A fast skater and a fair shot, but has been unfortunate in not getting more goals this season.

WHILLANS, "BOOTY."—Sub.—One of last year's Midgets. He was equally effective as a forward and on the defence. He knows how to use his weight to advantage.

HAMBLY, "SPORT."—Sub.—Showed up well at the beginning of the season, but, owing to sickness, was unable to do himself justice later on. A speedy skater and a good shot.

LYON, "FREDDY."—L. Wing, Capt.—An old colour and a good, consistent player. Played his position well, and was responsible for several well-earned goals during the season. Set a fine example to his team by his gameness.

GOAL SCORES.

Paul	14	Hambly	4
Lyon	8	Whillans	2
Carrick	7	Palmer	1
Callighen	4		

S. A. C. vs. U. C. C.

On Friday, January 12, the first group game was played, U. C. C. being our opponents. We had much the best of the play in the first period and led at the end of it 2-0, Hambly and Lyon being the scorers. In the second period Paul got his shot going and notched two goals, while Lyon scored one. U. C. C. woke up in the last period and scored three goals to our one. They, however, did not threaten our lead very much, and the game ended S. A. C. 6, U. C. C. 3. For S. A. C., Callighen, Lyon and Paul showed up well, while Lamport, King and Logie were best for U. C. C.

LINE-UP.

S.A.C.—Goal, Reid; defence, Carrick and Paul; centre, Callighen; r. wing, Miller; l. wing, Lyon; subs., Whillans and Hambly.

U.C.C.—Goal, Anderson; defence, Logie and Lamport; centre, Cooper; r. Wing, McIntosh; l. Wing, King; subs., Baguley and Seagram.

S. A. C. vs. U. T. S.

Our second game was against U. T. S. The team was inclined to be over-confident, our opponents being regarded as rather easy victims. The first goal was scored after about five minutes of play, when Hugh Plaxton broke through our defence and beat Reid. Shortly after Plaxton again scored, this time on a pass from McMaster. This two goal lead remained until the end of the second period, when Ross Paul went through the whole U. T. S. team and scored. The final period was fast and furious. Our forwards had it all over the U. T. S. front line, but could not seem to put one past Stollery who stopped everything in sight. Just as the crowd was commencing to leave, Paul rushed down the right wing, skated between the defence men and scored the tying goal. Overtime was played, and in the last minute McCausland succeeded in getting through our defence and scoring the winning tally. Paul was the best man on the ice, and was ably assisted by Callighen and Carrick. For U. T. S., McCausland, McMaster, H. Plaxton and W. Stollery were best.

LINE-UP.

S.A.C.—Goal, Reid; defence, Carrick, Paul; centre, Callighen; wings, Miller, Lyon; subs., Whillans, Hambly.

U.T.S.—Goal, W. Stollery; defence, H. Stollery, McMaster; centre, H. Plaxton; wings, R. Plaxton, McCausland; subs., Smaille, McTavish.

S. A. C. vs. S. M. C.

On Friday, January 19th, we played St. Mike's in a game which was to decide the leadership of the group. The first period was very evenly contested. Paul scored twice for us, and we managed

to hold St. Mike's scoreless. In the second period our opponents took a new lease of life and played us completely off our feet. They scored two goals on wonderful combination plays, and only the good work of Reid in our net prevented the score from being larger. The St. Mike's defence was unbeatable, and what chances we had to score were thrown away by wild passing. The last period was nip and tuck all the way. McDonald and Irvine were responsible for the three St. Mike's goals, while Paul scored twice for us. Paul was again the best man on the ice, both offensively and defensively. He was followed closely by Reid, who played a fine game in our nets. The St. Mike's forward line was vastly superior to ours, and did practically as it pleased during the whole game.

S.A.C.—Goal, Reid; defence, Carrick and Paul; forwards, Callighen, Miller, Lyon.

S.M.C.—Goal, Watson; defence, Ferroni and Griffin; forwards, Durie, Hunt, Irvine.

S.A.C. subs.—Hambly, Whillans.

S.M.C. subs.—Killan, McDonald.

S. A. C. vs. S. M. C.

On Wednesday, January 24th, the return game with St. Mike's was played. This was expected to be more or less of a walk-away for our opponents, as we had several players on the sick list. Nothing daunted by the odds against us, we started out with a rush and within five minutes of even play Carrick bulged the twine with the first goal of the game. Shortly after, Lyon made it 2-0, when he skated around the opposing defence and banged one past Watson. The two-goal lead was short-lived, however, as St. Mike's notched two goals in quick succession on beautiful pieces of combination play. Before many minutes had elapsed, Callighen took a shot from outside the defence, which fooled Watson and rolled in the net. Aurie got this back by skating between Paul and Carrick and giving Reid no chance to save. Callighen again put us in the lead and the first period ended 4-3.

The second period was very even, with St. Mike's having all the combination. Whillans scored one for S. A. C., while Irvine got our opponents' goal. The last period opened with a rush and Reid had to be on his toes to stop the numerous shots that were rained on him.

Play was favouring St. Mike's, and after ten minutes had gone Hunt scored on a shot that gave Reid no chance to save. This tied the score, and with S. A. C. weakening fast it looked like St. Mike's game. An unfortunate accident occurred in the last five minutes, when Irvine cross-checked Lyon across the face and broke his nose. Lyon was carried off the ice, and we were forced to play with no substitutes. At the end of 60 minutes the score was still 5 all, and it was necessary to play overtime. Two five minute periods were played, but the score remained unchanged. As both teams were thoroughly exhausted it was decided to leave the final score a tie.

S.A.C., 5; S.M.C., 5.

S.A.C.—Goal, Reid; defence, Carrick and Paul; centre, Callighen; r. wing, Miller; l. wing, Lyon; subs., Whillans, Cameron II.

S.M.C.—Goal, Watson; defence, Griffin and Ferroni, centre, Aurie; r. wing, Hunt; l. wing, Irvine; subs., Killen and McDonald.

For S. A. C., Lyon and Callighen played well on the forward line, while Reid was good in goal. Miller turned in his best game of the season, and was going like a house afire in the overtime.

For S. M. C., everyone played their best, but their shooting was completely off the target. Watson let a few easy shots in, but stopped a lot of difficult ones.

S. A. C. vs. U. C. C.

On Friday, January 26th, we played the return game with Upper Canada College. U. C. C. had improved considerably since our last meeting with them, and we were minus our captain, Freddy Lyon, so that it was expected that the game would be keenly contested. U. C. C. started off with a rush, and before long had notched the first goal. S. A. C. could not seem to get going against the determined back-checking of the hornet-like U. C. C. forwards. Near the end of the period Carrick scored for S. A. C. and Seagram put U. C. C. one up, with another counter. In the second period S. A. C. seemed to improve and broke away from the U.C.C. forwards time after time, only to be relieved of the puck when they struck the Logie-Lamport defence. Finally, near the end of the second period, Whillans and Paul scored in quick succession, putting us in the lead. The third period was very even, neither team showing much combination or ability to get goals. About midway through the period King sent a shot in that rolled through Reid's skate and went just over the line for a goal. This tied the score up, and no over-

time was played as several other teams had practice hours immediately after the end of the third period. For S. A. C., Miller, Callighen and Carrick were best, while King and Logie starred for U. C. C. King was the best man on the ice, back-checking like a fiend the whole time he was on.

S.A.C.—Reid, Carrick, Paul, Callighen, Miller, Whillans, Hambly, Cameron.

U.C.C.—Armstrong, Lamport, Logie, King, Seagram, Smith, Bagley, Cooper.

S. A. C. vs. U. T. S.

On Friday, February 2nd, our return game with U. T. S. was played. A loss for our opponents would put them out of the running, while we were out to reverse the score of our previous overtime game with them. We were slow in getting started, and at the end of the first period were down two goals, both coming from the stick of Hugh Plaxton, the star centre man of our opponents. Our team, once they got their bearings, played good hockey, but were unfortunate in their shooting. The second period was very even, the margin being a little in our favour. Near the end of the period Plaxton stick-handled through the defence and beat Cameron from close in. S. A. C. opened the final period with a rush, and succeeded in making the score 3-1 on a good combination play. U. T. S. got this back shortly after, when McMaster and Smale combined to beat our defence and goal-keeper. This completed the scoring, and the game ended U. T. S. 4, S. A. C. 1. For St. Andrew's, Carrick, Lyon and Callighen starred, while Cameron played a steady game in the nets. Hugh Plaxton turned in a wonderful game for U. T. S., and was the best man on the ice. W. Stollery was unbeatable in goal and proved a stumbling block to a great many of our attacks.

LINE-UP.

S.A.C.—Cameron II., Carrick, Paul, Callighen, Miller, Lyon, Whillans, Hambly.

U.T.S.—W. Stollery, McMaster, Smale, H. Plaxton, R. Plaxton, McTavish, H. Stollery, Catto.

S. A. C. vs. ST. MIKE'S.

On Wednesday, February 7th, we played off our tie game with St. Mike's. A win for St. Mike's meant a play-off with U. T. S., while a loss meant an exit from O. H. A. hockey for the season. We had the better of the play during the first period, and led at the end of it by 1 goal, thanks to a nice bit of stick-handling by Carrick. This became 2-0 shortly after the beginning of the second period, when Whillans batted in the rebound from Callighen's shot. St. Mike's came right back and tallied twice in quick succession. Near the end of the period Callighen got a loose puck outside the St. Mike's defence, and put a long shot past the goal-keeper. This made it 3-2 for us. In the last period St. Mike's played like pros., and tied up the score at 4 all. With about a minute to go and two of our men in the penalty box, Aurie beat our whole team and scored the winning goal. S. M. C., 5; S. A. C., 4.

Carrick, Paul and Callighen were best for S. A. C. Cameron, playing his second game of the year in goal, performed like a veteran, and turned shot after shot aside. Aurie and Griffin played well for St. Mike's, the back-checking of the former breaking up many of our attacks.

LINE-UP.

S.A.C.—Cameron, Paul, Carrick, Callighen, Miller, Lyon, Whillans, Hambly.

S.M.C.—Watson, Ferroni, Griffin, Aurie, Hunt, Irvine, McDonald, Killen.

THE SECOND TEAM.

Led by John Willoughby Robertson, more familiarly known as "Stump," the second team had a most successful season. They defeated U.T.S. twice, U.C.C. and St. Mike's each once. On this team there were such great players as Clawed Armstrong and Chick Brunt, especially imported from the city of Hanover, and Charley Lewis, who admits he left Dalhousie University for the sole purpose of playing for this famous team. As a special attraction for the ladies, Russell Stephenson was signed up and proved a great drawing card. For goal-keeper there was Ikey Cochrane, who guarded

the nets as carefully as he guards his ducats. Last, but not least, come the managers. There were about six altogether. However,



THE SECOND HOCKEY TEAM, 1923

the principal ones were Pete Mason, Scotty McDougal and G. B. Russell. With this great array of players and managers is it any wonder that the seconds went through the season without a defeat?

JUVENILES.

Although this is the first year that there has been a Juvenile team at S. A. C., the Juveniles have had a most successful season. Led by Captain Fred. McTaggart, they won their group with comparative ease, defeating De La Salle, U. T. S., Weston, and St. Michael's College. The fact that in eight games only five goals were scored against them shows how great their superiority was.

Their first real test came, however, when, in the second round, they met the fast Runnymede outfit. The first game, which was played at the Rosedale rink, was a rather poor exhibition. This was



THE JUVENILE HOCKEY TEAM, 1923. GROUP CHAMPIONS AND SEMI-FINALISTS, T.H.L.

due, no doubt, to the bad lighting, and also to the ice, which was covered with snow. On one of the few pieces of combination tried during the game, Chamberlain scored for S. A. C. on a pass from Hoops, while Runnymede's counter was on a shot from centre ice which Nelles never saw. The second Runnymede game was played at Ravina Rink and resulted in a win for S. A. C. by a 5-3 score. This was a good game to watch, being an exhibition between two fast-skating teams. McTaggart scored three goals for S. A. C., while Chamberlain and Ault each scored one. Both teams played good combination, and it was only because of better condition that S. A. C. won.

The next two games were against Argonauts in the semi-final round. The first game was played at the Willowdale Arena. Argonauts got three goals in the first period owing to our over-anxiousness on the defence and in goal. The team was also unused to artificial ice. However, they came to in the second and third periods and held the heavier Argo. team to two goals. The final score was 5-0, and Argonauts quite earned the five goal lead. The final game of the season was played at Varsity Rink. S. A. C. were five goals down, and a five goal lead is no mean obstacle to overcome. However, they went at it from the face-off, and at the end of the first period were leading by three goals. A few hard breaks gave Argonauts a couple of goals, but the team never quit trying, and at the end of the game were on the long end of a 4-3 score. Although beaten on the round, they put up a game fight, and with a little more experience would have come out on top. The final game was the best of the season, the whole team playing in fine form.

PERSONNEL.

COCHRANE, "IKE."—Goal.—Improved greatly during the season and in the two Argonaut games played like a pro.

NELLES, "BOB."—Goal.—Played a great many fine games, but was inclined to be nervous when up against a bigger team. Eligible to play Juvenile for two more years.

HOOPS, "BENNY."—R. Defence.—Very good defensively, and improved his rushing. He is not afraid to use his body or to get in front of hard shots.

CROSBIE, "GARGE."—L. Defence.—Teamed up well with Hoops on the defence. A good stick-handler, but lacks a shot.

CHAMBERLAIN, "LORNE."—Centre.—Very fast, a good stick-handler, and a wonderful back-check. He has a poke check like Frank Nighbor.

AULT, "GERRY."—R. Wing.—A very good stick-handler, and has a hard shot. A consistent player who works in well with the rest of the forwards.

CAMERON, "AL."—Sub.—A good relief player for both forward line and defence. Plays his position well and never lets his man get away from him.

MUNN, "FRED."—Sub.—Played right wing and centre. The hardest worker on the team. Plays good combination.

STERLING, "KEN."—Sub.—Played well in some of the group games, and shows great promise.

MCTAGGART, "FRED."—L. Wing.—Capt.—A good stick-handler and a hard worker. He plays good combination and body-checks well.

GOAL SCORERS.

Ault	15	Munn I.	4
McTaggart	15	Crosbie II.	2
Chamberlain	12	Sterling	2
Cameron III.	5	Hoops	1

MIDGETS.

Under the coaching of Mr. Church this year's Midgets developed into a well-balanced team. They went through their group without a loss, only to be put out when they ran up against the husky Danforth outfit. The only loss suffered during the season was in the second Danforth game when they were beaten by one goal.

The group games were all well played and keenly contested. The Midgets, however, had very little difficulty in winning them all. Defensively the team was excellent. In six of the games, opposing teams were blanked. In the second round they met Danforths and two well-played games resulted. The first one, at Varsity Rink, was a fine exhibition of hockey. On a big, well-lighted sheet of ice both teams were right at home and put up a clean, hard game, the final score being 2-2. Munn II. and Hall were best for S.A.C., while Voss shone for Danforths. The last T.H.L. game was played at Withrow Park. It was a good game but, sad to say, we came out on the wrong end of the 2-1 score. Both goal-keepers played well, stopping many difficult shots, Munn II. and Holden starred for S.A.C., with Voss again prominent for the winners.

Several exhibition games were played in which the Midget substitutes were given opportunities. Lake Lodge and Model School were each defeated twice, thus completing a very successful season.



THE MIDGET HOCKEY TEAM, 1923. GROUP CHAMPIONS, T.H.L.

PERSONNEL.

NUGENT—Goal.—A good, steady player who distinguished himself in all the games and saved the team from many a tight situation.

GRANT, "BILL"—Goal.—With Nugent playing so well Grant did not get very much chance, but, when used, he was always reliable.

DACK, "DAVE"—L. Defence.—A good checker who used his weight to advantage. He distinguished himself in the first St. Michael's game.

HALL, "POT"—Centre.—Came to us from Danforths and was a big factor in the success of the team. He is a good stick handler, a persistent back-checker, and a hard worker.

LOVERING "BILL"—L. Wing.—Played on last year's Bantams and has improved greatly this year. He is a good stick-handler and packs a wicked shot. He works in well with the rest of the forwards.

HOLDEN "WALDO"—R. Wing.—A fine stick-handler and a persistent back-checker. Although handicapped by lack of weight he played his position well.

BURRY, "BRUCE"—Sub.—A fast skater with a hard shot. He showed up well in both Danforth games.

BALDWIN, "BALDY"—Sub.—A hard worker who improved a great deal during the season. Played a fine game at U.T.S.

GRANT, "BOB"—Sub.—Played on last year's Midgets but was handicapped this year by sickness. A hard worker and a reliable player.

MUNN, "COCKY"—R. Defence.—(Capt.)—A fast skater, and a good stick-handler, with a shot like "Babe" Dye. He is the terror of opposing goal-keepers.

GOAL-SCORERS.

Munn II.	27	Baldwin	3
Dack	6	Hall	2
Lovering'	5	Holden	1
Burly	5	Stewart	1
Grant	4		

BANTAMS.

This year's Bantams were a mighty smart little team and it is greatly to their credit that, playing against bigger and heavier teams, they went as far as they did.

Five out of six group games were won by close scores, their only defeat being at the hands of St. Michael's. In the second round they met Bellfairs, last year's city champions. The first game resulted in a scoreless tie. The second game, played at Kew Beach, ended in another draw, the score this time being 1-1. For S.A.C. Mercer and Careless starred, while the Bellfair goal-keeper was invincible. A sudden-death game was played at Willowdale to decide the round. In a closely contested exhibition Bellfairs were victorious by 2-1. The last game of the season was an exhibition affair with Lake Lodge, which the Bantams won.

PERSONNEL.

HUNNISETT, "BEEFY"—Goal.—A good, dependable goal-keeper. Starred in the game at Lake Lodge.

STEWART, "MURRAY"—Goal.—The regular goal-keeper. Missed a great many games through sickness.

CARRICK, "OOKS"—L. Defence.—A good defence man, but gets too many penalties.



THE BANTAM HOCKEY TEAM, 1923. GROUP CHAMPIONS AND SEMI-FINALISTS, T.H.L.

MERCER, "MUCKER"—Centre.—A good forward, especially on the back-checking. Shows promise of developing into a wonderful player in a couple of seasons.

MCLEAN, "GEORGE."—L. Wing.—Played left wing on last year's Bantams, and this year occupies the same position.

NORIEGA, "LUIS"—R. Wing.—A fast skater and a good shot, but is inclined to roam from his position.

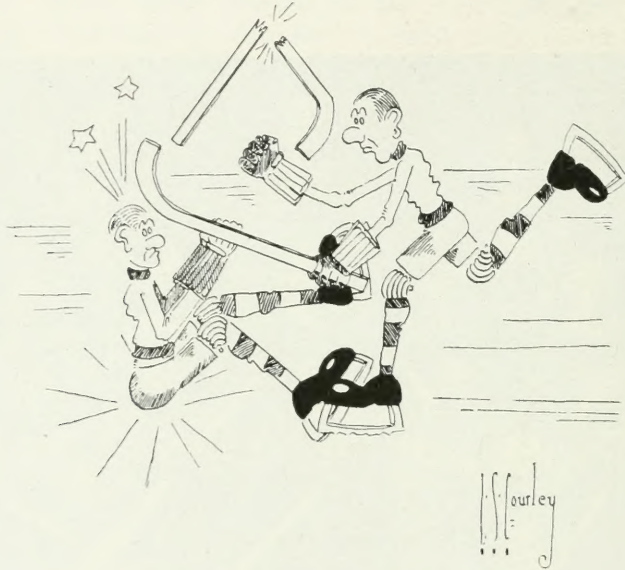
BANFIELD, "HAR"—Sub.—Another of last year's Bantams and a very hard worker.

DUNLAP, "MOFFATT"—Sub.—He also played on last year's Bantams and has improved a great deal.

COLEBROOK, "COLEY"—Sub.—The captain of last year's Lower School team. He is a good stick-handler, but has not come up to expectations.

CARELESS, "DENNIS"—R. Defence.—(Capt.)—A good stick-handler who knows how to use his weight. He and Carrick have the reputation of being one of the best defences in the Bantam series.

W. L. E.



"OH! EXCUSE ME SO MUCH."

GENERAL MANAGER MURCHISON.

Bill Murchison (don't call him Willie, please) possesses what some people call executive ability. For the past two years Murchison has specialized in managing hockey, football and cricket teams. During the past two years he has guided the affairs of no less than ten teams and he has never been busier than in this last hockey season when he managed the Juvenile, Midget and Bantam teams in the Toronto Hockey League, as well as being Group convenor in the Juvenile series.

We feel that Murchison deserves to be specially mentioned in this number of THE REVIEW, for he has rendered splendid service to the boys of the school in their athletic activities. Unable, through physical unfitness, to take an active part in sport, he has directed his energies towards helping the other fellows to be successful in the various school games.

THE REVIEW on behalf of the school tenders its thanks to Murchison and congratulates him on the winning of three group championships.

LOWER SCHOOL HOCKEY.

This year the Lower School was represented by an exceptionally strong team, undoubtedly the best team the school has had for a number of years. A wealth of material made the candidates work hard, and the boys attended the practices faithfully. Some very promising new material was discovered and this will be valuable next year.

There were five old colours on the team and all of these boys made good use of their previous experience.

Owing to various reasons the management was unable to arrange many early season games, but we are looking forward to more skating before the term ends, when several other scheduled games will be played.

There are two distinct teams in the Lower School. The first team is "under fifteen" years of age, and the second "under fourteen."

The following boys were awarded colours:—Colebrook, Carrick II, Noriega I, Noriega II, Ellsworth, Murchison III, Smart, Armstrong II, McLennan II.

U.T.S. vs. S.A.C.

On Thursday, January 25, the "under fourteen" team met a team from U.T.S. on the latter's ice. The game was productive of some very good hockey on the part of both teams. Play was about even during the first period, each scoring once, but U.T.S., having a decided advantage in weight, speed and experience, bore in on our goal and scored four goals during the last two periods. Armstrong was best for S.A.C. with Heggie a close second, while the U.T.S. goalie played a splendid game. S.A.C. played a good game and never stopped trying. The return game has not been played as yet and we are looking forward to this, as we believe we can even the count. Final score U.T.S. 5, S.A.C. 1.

S.A.C. vs. L.L.S.

The Lower School first team went to Grimsby on February 14, to play Lake Lodge School. This was our best performance to date, our rushing, checking and combination plays featuring throughout the contest. Every boy on the team played very well, Murchison being the outstanding player for us, while the Lake Lodge goalie played a stellar game. Lake Lodge boys were weak in shooting, both their goals resulting from scrambles. Smart in goal for S.A.C. acquitted himself very creditably. The game ended S.A.C. 5 L.L.S. 2.



THE LOWER SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM.

U.C.C. vs. S.A.C.

On Tuesday, February 20, Upper Canada College Lower School team visited us. The ice was slightly soft and slow and this made the puck hard to carry. The teams were evenly matched, but the S.A.C. boys seemingly could do nothing right and went down to a 4-2 defeat. Noriega II and Ellsworth were best for us, each scoring after good plays. The team tried hard but plainly lacked the punch which was so apparent in the previous game. S.A.C. strengthened their offensive during the last few minutes in the hope of evening

the score, but were unable to beat the determined defenders. Then U.C.C. broke away and scored again just as the whistle blew.

Additional games are scheduled with U.T.S., Model School, U. C.C. and T.C.S.

PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM.

COLEBROOK—Acting captain. An old colour centre. Hard worker with a swift and accurate shot.

CARRICK II—Defence.—An old colour. A little weak on the attack but checks well and uses his weight to good advantage.

NORIEGA I—Right Wing.—Another old colour. Good shot and stick-handler, but roams too much.

NORIEGA II—Left Wing.—Second year on the team. Fast skater. Played his best game against U.C.C.

ELLSWORTH—Centre.—Old colour. Light but a good check. A little weak in shooting. Played well against U.C.C.

MURCHISON III—Defence.—Most aggressive player on the team. Plays defence or forward equally well. Would have been a valuable acquisition for the Bantams.

SMART—Goal.—First year on team. Tries hard, but is inclined to be nervous. Played a splendid game against Lake Lodge School.

MCLENNAN II.—Defence.—Good stick-handler but rather slow in breaking.

ARMSTRONG—Defence.—Good worker but not very fast. Played well against U.T.S.

CRICKET PROSPECTS.

The cricket prospects this year look particularly bright, and it is expected that as soon as the crease can be put into shape an aspiring bunch of would-be-champions under the direction of Fred Lyon, known as the "Veteran," will be gambolling on the green.

As yet we have not one cricket championship to our credit. In nineteen-nineteen Shannon Clift's aggregation of ball-bowlers tied for first, in twenty—we were last—with almost the same team. This year we have almost the same team again—can they win the championship? Time alone can tell, and time often makes some bad breaks.

R. H. A.

Old Boys' News

MARRIAGES.

WILFRED T. BEATY, on Dec. 20th, 1922, to Miss Bernice Penelope Norton, of Charlottetown, P.E.I.

JOSEPH E. MCDUGALL, on Dec. 27th, 1922, to Miss Maxine O'Loughlin.

DR. REGINALD W. MACINTYRE, on Feb. 17th, 1923, to Miss Carolyn Holding, of Albany, N.Y.

RUSSELL H. MILLAR, on Jan. 10th, 1923, to Miss Marion Scott MacArthur, of Los Angeles, Cal.

DOUGLAS S. SCOTT, on Dec. 22nd, 1922, to Miss Margaret Molitoi Cory Kellei.

BIRTHS.

TO MR. and MRS. WILLIAM CHRISTIE BARCLAY, 38 Binscarth Rd., on Wednesday, Feb. 7th, 1923, a daughter.

TO MR. and MRS. C. S. CRAWFORD, 63 Warren Road, on Dec. 4th, 1922, a son.

TO MR. and MRS. S. HUME CRAWFORD, on Dec. 6th, 1922, a daughter (Marjorie Grace).

TO MR. and MRS. EDWARD EVANS, of Hangchow, China, on Nov. 6th, 1922, a daughter (Mary Alice).

TO MR. and MRS. D. GRAHAM MCINTOSH, of Kitchener, Ont., on Dec. 29th 1922, a son.

TO MR. and MRS. L. S. ODELL, of Hamilton, Ont., on Jan. 15th, 1923, a son.

NOTES.

R. E. Dingman is President of his year at McGill.

Jack Denton headed the poll for the Board of Education in the recent civic elections.

The Rev. Gilbert O. Lightbourne, B.A., is now curate of St. Thomas Church, St. Johns, Nfld.

The Rev. F. G. (Jim) Lightbourne, B.A., is assistant editor of the *Canadian Churchman*, Toronto.

R. E. Dingman is President of his year at McGill.

Jack Fraser is president of the Toronto Stock Exchange for the present year.

Old Boys who are carrying on the traditions of the school in the hockey arena are—Jess Carrick with the O.H.A. semi-finals, 'Varsity Junior team; Grant Gordon, who played with the 'Varsity Senior team; Bruce Findlay, who played with Aura Lee Juniors; Bob Drury, who played with the Granite Juniors.

HARRY WATSON.

We present above a face which is familiar to every St. Andrew's boy, and to almost every hockey fan in Toronto—'tis none other than Harry Ellis Watson, of the Granite team. Harry is one of our most notable old boys, and it is for this reason, and for the



HARRY WATSON

edification of the general public we wish to give the sketch of his career.

Harry originally was a "Woof-Woof," like most good men, coming from Newfoundland, but at an early age he moved to Winnipeg, where he acquired his first hockey stick and puck. As soon as he learnt to lift the puck, his father, Mr. W. W. Watson, shipped him to St. Andrew's where he immediately became famous for his big feet and stick handling.

Harry, needless to say, made the first hockey team, but he also stepped into rugby circles and starred as a half-back. He also played on the All Star Junior team, and was the first St. Andrew's boy who ever played on a senior team while at the school. Harry won distinction in class as well as the field—so he passed out.

Just then the war started and Harry hopped into an aeroplane and spent the next four years in France fighting the Boche. His two brothers also served.

On returning Harry signed with Granites—people said he'd gone stale with his long lie up. Granites have won the O. H. A. three out of four times, the Allan Cup once—and to-day Harry Watson leads the O. H. A. scorers. Stale? Well, we'd hate to see him at his best if he's stale now.

Above all this, Harry is a clean sport, a loyal Andrian, and the boys of to-day follow his career with both interest and good will, and hope he will be just as successful in his new business, as he has been in the world of sport.

R. H. A.

OUR OLD BOYS' DINNER.

The Annual Old Boys' Dinner will be held at the College, on Friday, April 6th this year. All old boys will please be sure to keep that date clear and make the dinner a greater success than ever; let us try to have two hundred this year instead of the one hundred of last time.



We beg to acknowledge the following exchanges:

The Twig: University of Toronto Schools.

The Gateway: University of Alberta.

The Argosy: Mount Allison, N.B.

High School Citizen: Dunkirk, N.Y. State.

Trinity College School Record: Port Hope, Ontario.

University of Toronto Monthly.

Acadia Athenaeum: Wolfville, N.S.

Black and Red: University Military School, B.C.

The Argus: Appleby School, Ontario.

The Mitre: University of Bishops College, Quebec.

College News: Bangkok, Siam.

Royal Military College Review: Kingston, Ontario.

Acta Rideiana: St. Catharines, Ontario.

The Windmill: St. John's School, Manlius, N.Y.

Some of your cuts and headings are exceptionally well drawn.

Le Sourire: Carson High School, North Dakota. You might well enlarge and improve your "Literary" column.

Vox Lycei: Hamilton Collegiate Institute, Ontario. A very well arranged magazine.

MacDonald College Magazine: Quebec. An attractive magazine but still more pictures and drawing are needed.

Upper Canada College Times: Toronto. A very complete magazine. Congratulations on having the second best rugby team in the Little-big Four—by your own admission.

The Screech Owl: Bowmanville High School, Ontario. For a first number your magazine certainly does credit to the organization of your editorial staff.

The Elevator: Belleville High School, Ontario. You have a lot of good material, but there is something about the make-up of your

magazine that is not satisfying. Larger print would be more attractive and pictures or cuts give a more pleasing variety than advertisements through the text.

The Argus: Sault Ste. Marie Collegiate Institute. Welcome to our exchange list. You have made a promising beginning. If you have any artists with you, see that they do their part.

Glasgow Academy Chronicle: Scotland. Thank you for reply to our exchange.

The Ashburian: Ottawa. How about a few illustrations for your otherwise complete magazine, Ashbury?

Managra: Manitoba, Sask. Any advertisements amongst the writing material of a magazine seem to detract from its appearance.

Inklings: New York, U.S. Your simple style of printing is very pleasing.

The Windsorian: Windsor, N.S. Nicely printed, but illustrations would help make your magazine more attractive.

Boone Bulletin: Wuchang, China. Glad to get your interesting paper.

Bishops College School Magazine: Quebec. A very well-printed magazine.

Cherry and White: Williamsport, U.S. It is not hard to see why the judges awarded you such a high place. Congratulations.

London Central Collegiate Institute Review: Ontario. One of our most interesting exchanges. You have a lot of good material amongst which the half-tone drawings deserve mention.

W. A. B.

LOWER SCHOOL NOTES.

The present epidemic of squinting in the Second Form is believed to be due to Mr. T., who insisted last week that all good writers must dot their t's—and cross their i's.

We understand that Brown II. is also known as the "The Sheik of Rosedale Rink."

Noriega II. wishes to deny that he was mistaken for Rudolph Valentino last week.

It is believed that Noriega I. will give an exhibition of figure-skating in the near future: all those who have not already seen him on the Bantams are advised not to miss this treat.

The following songs have been dedicated to Lower School boys:

"Homesick"	Parker
"Baby Blue Eyes"	Stollmeyer II.
"That Fat L'l Feller Wid' His Mammy's Eyes"	Taylor
"Angel-Child"	Murchison III.
Nobody Lied (When They Said That I Cried)	James
Sweet Lady	Crowe

Taylor: "No, thank you, sir, about half that amount of ice cream will be sufficient."

Watt: "My intelligence is only exceeded by my personal beauty."

Magill: "Winnipeg is the rottenest city in Canada."

Since the Cadet Corps dance, we understand "Hich" McLennan has been inundated with requests to give dancing lessons.

A word of reassurance to the residents of McLennan Avenue: the unearthly shrieks proceeding from the school at about 8.30 each morning are not really those of a creature in distress; but Carrick holds a bagpipe practice at that time.

Talking of movies, we feel there is a lot of hidden talent here, which some enterprising company should endeavour to unearth: we all know of Noriega II., with his wealth of facial expression; but then there is also McLennan III.'s face; what could be funnier? Bruce could undertake Simian parts with ease; and surely Harold Lloyd must look to his laurels now that Peace has bought his horn-rimmed monstrosities; we have strong, silent men in Heggie and Carrick, and beautiful damsels in Crowe and Stollmeyer II. We repeat, where are the eyes of our movie directors?

Can you imagine them saying it?

McNeely: "Come on, you fellows, follow me in a raid on Lower North."

James: "So I just gave him a hard one under the ear, and he crumpled up."

Marshall (to Karlan): "Here, that's not fair! Don't use all the soap, leave some for another fellow."

Stollmeyer III.: "No, I'm not skating this afternoon; I want to lie down and rest."

Dr. M: "Where does Noriega II. keep his boots?"

Boys: "In the same place that he keeps his brains, Sir."

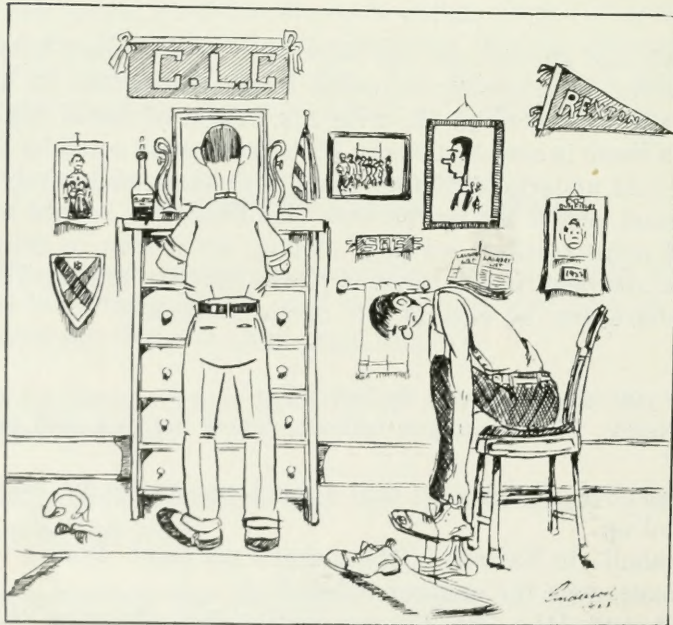
Dr. M.: "Where is that?"

Boys: (pointing to two coal scuttles in boot room, each with one of Fernie's boots in it) "There, Sir."

Colebrook and Smart: "We consider that soft collars bow ties and long pants are unbefitting garments for any Warden to wear."

There was a young fellow called Murchison,
Who conducted extensive researches on
The point—should a lady,
When at the "King Eddy"
Swear—when her toe a chap perches on?

A charming young fellow named Grant,
Was given a dime by his aunt,
(As all the sub editors
And also his creditors,
Reveal that he *spent* it?—we can't!)



New Boy (discussing room-mates): "How do you find Easton?"
Stephenson (wearily): "Always wearing my collars."



"WE HAVE WITH US."

1. That charming Saturday night hostess who must pass her witty "Aren't you trusted out after dark?" remark when you say good-bye at nine-thirty to comply with your ten o'clock leave.
2. The funny boy who imitates the prefect's knock on your door.
3. The adoring girl who once called you her "cave man." She coaxed you to wear kilts because they were so "manly," then snickered all evening at your funny knock-knees.
4. The master with the sense of humour who calls you over to his table at dinner to congratulate you on your neat coiffure, then soaks you a gating for being out of bounds to get a hair cut.
5. The considerate prefect who apologizes for forgetting to knock, but reports you just the same.

FIRST NIGHT DEPRESSIONS AND FORECASTS OF LOCAL THEATRICAL EVENTS.

Chick Brunt taking his lady friend to the movies supplies the theme for a satire on "The Woman Pays."

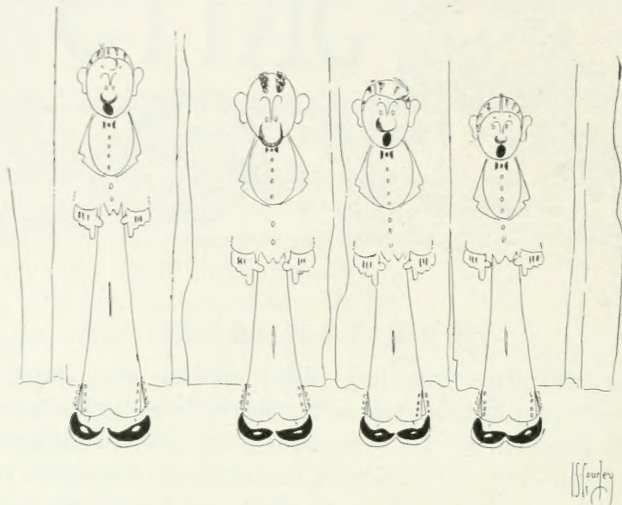
Belton Ikey Cochrane, late star of the Wandering Jew, is preparing a series of short playlets beginning with "I Own a Tuxedo" and "Have You Ever Seen My Tie-Pin?"

The Upper Canada College Rifle Company will produce "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" on their drill grounds this spring.

Chesley Crosbie's performance at the Orthopedic in "Flannel Feet," was rather flat, and showed he is in need of stronger support.

"Beatty's Mirror" at the washroom reflected many of the bad features of boarding school life and occupants.

Noel Marshall's latest play, "The Only Ring he Has to Give Me is the Ring Around His Neck," is neither clean nor inspiring, and only serves to show up Marshall.



"The Lovin' Psalms."

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Stumpy Robertson with his mouth shut?

Bill Easton without a kick about the prefects, the school routine, the—well, almost anything but Bill Easton?

Don Carrick with a pair of slippers?

Brunt with a double deck, a box of matches and a generous disposition?

Gilbert Robinson with his hair brilliantined?

Tom Hercules Aspden running the cross-country course for the sake of merely exercising?

Fleck on the underweight milk list?

"AND THEY SHOT MEN LIKE LINCOLN."

A conversational collection of some of the cheap local wit we must bear:

"Really, Darc, I intended to pay you that dollar to-day, but Crosbie saw me first. Better luck next time. Hee-hee, etc., etc."

"It is about time the future President of Peru was given some authority."

"Latin is full of grammatical pitfalls. In this way it makes a delightful language for study (smile). And you can be quite sure

these difficult passages will be on your paper in June" (followed by a coy smile and more homework).

"Sorry I caught you fellows, I was really out looking for so-and-so, etc."

From the House of David colony in Bar Harbor, Michigan, comes the latest amendments to rules for Beaver. Here Beaver is the national game and large scores are more frequent than shaves.

1. Moustaches of the droop or strain variety that impede the progress of masticating noodle soup are subject to penalties for interference.

2. Side boards are always on side.

Fine!" said Stevenson once more, as he paid a dime for leaving on his light.



"The main-stays of the defence."

WE NOMINATE FOR THE STALL OF FAME.

(Apologies to Vanity Fair.)

Charles Chesty Crosbie: Because his outspoken sarcasm has humiliated everyone but the head prefect, because that is impossible anyway. Because he has made "Flannel Feet" a household word, but mainly because he had the courage to organize against Stump Robertson and his Tarzans.

James Iam Murchison: Because he has condescended to save the morale of the rank and file of the Argentine Army by entering it next year as a humble general, because he had the courage to tell our headmaster that he would sooner eat Bowles beans in the after-

noon than save his appetite for the school's stew at dinner, but mainly because he admits he is only twenty minutes older than brother Willie.

Robert I. O. U. Grant: The greatest debtor since the failure of the Farmers' Bank; because he has collected the greatest number of "I'm sorry, but I left my money in my other clothes" excuses we have ever known, because he is still successful in his tuck shop crusades for free refreshments, but mainly because he had the courage to do a mixture of the conspicuous Chicago and the banned Bandolero in kilts, and right in front of our headmaster.



He: "My brothers each bought a suit at a Jewish tailors yesterday and swear they will never do it again."

She: "How is that? Cheated?"

He: "Yes. They thought they were wool but they were 'worsted'."

INEQUALITIES.

(From Chapter Secundus, Goofs Geometry.)

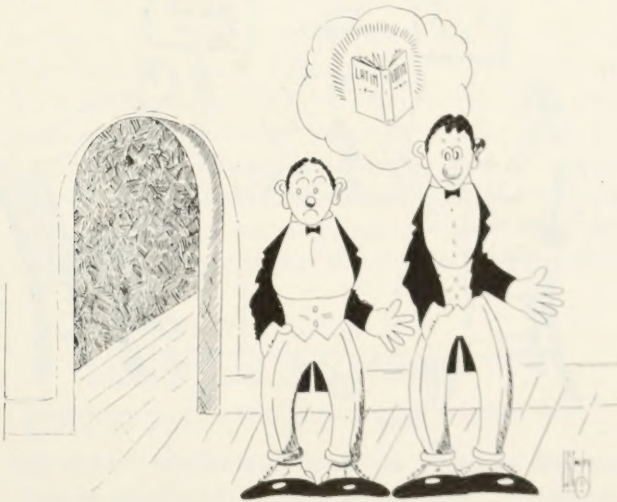
1. Campbell and men's clothes.
2. Marshall getting ill to rest, then having to wash every day.
3. Bruser Carrick using Stumpy Robertson as a sparring partner.
4. Murchison I., although coming from the famous Argentine, having to submit to detention, as are the common mob (personal opinion).

There was a young man from Kidderminster,
 Who gently but firmly chid-a-spinster,
 For when on the ice
 She used language not nice,
 When he inadvertently slid-ag'inst-her.

SOCIAL.

Extract from Hanover Blast, February 12, 1923:

"Mrs. Armstrong's brightest boy, coyly called in local circles Clumsy Claude, has established no mean reputation as a roaring social lion in the more distinguished social centres in Toronto this winter. At a dance recently a gentleman near him was guilty of the unforgivable 'faux pas' of stirring his coffee with his thumb. Our Claude, unable to refrain from coercing such a display of ignorance of social behaviour, promptly soaked him in the mush with a handful of salad. His timely action reminded forcibly all those who witnessed it or within range of the splash incurred, that enviable knowledge of etiquette found in our friend, that tells one just what to do and how to avoid embarrassment in such a trying position. We are proud of you, Claude, and look expectantly forward to the further social success of one versed in the rudiments of etiquette in our own barn dances and hoe-downs."



COUEISM

"Day by day in every way our Latin gets better and better—LIKE FUN!"

OH! HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING.

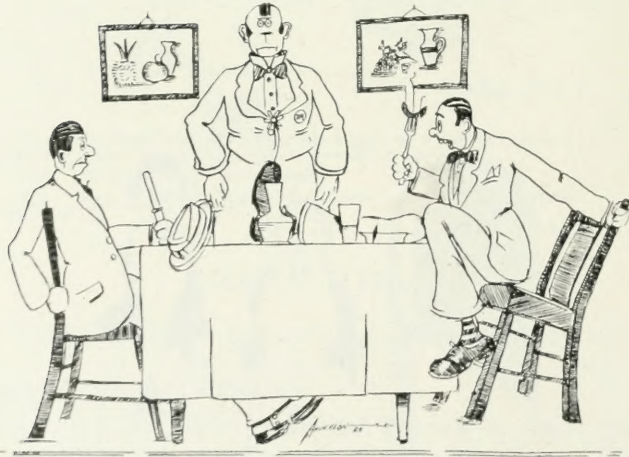
Ring! Ring! Ring!
 Each cold grey morn, oh bell;
 I would that you could understand
 The things I'd like to tell.

Oh, well, for the privileged prefect,
 As he sleeps in his bed 'till late:
 Oh, well, for the lordly master
 As he dines at nine in state.

Each morn I rush to wash and dress,
 And down the stairs I race:
 For if my leave sheet's to be clean,
 I must be on time for grace.

Ring! Ring! Ring!
 And wreck my rest, oh bell!
 Each icy morn I hear your clatter,
 And wish you were in—pawn.

(Advertisement.)



Do you feel at home at social functions? Are you versed in modern etiquette? The gentlemen in the above picture are guilty of an occasional "faux pas." Can YOU notice any social misdemeanour on their part? If not, you should write at once for our

latest publication, "Manners as a Life-Study," containing the latest Marquis of Queensbury rules for bean fights and "box" lunches. —Hetty Kette, Incorporated. Left-hand Corner of Oddfellow's Igloo, 23 Dog Trail Terrace, North Greenland.

A paragraph on boarding school table behaviour in "Manners as a Life-Study," written by I. Eaton Others, Professor in Assiniñeatics at the Guelph Sanitarium.

At dejeuner upon the serving of toast (at the masters' table it might be referred to as "warm" toast), do not yield to the impulse of the moment, placing it directly before one and proceed to thump it maliciously with clenched fists. If, perchance, your teeth are neither rock pumistone nor granite, and this softening process is vital to comfortable mastication, be more direct in your method. Placing the toast centrally on your chair, exercise a vigorous rolling motion thereupon, then drop it on the floor a little to one's left. Using the ball of the left foot, stamp on it vigorously. If, after these procedures the toast remains impregnable, give it up, excuse yourself, and get a sledge hammer or hire a pile driver. Don't complain to the steward or you might hurt his feelings. Don't complain to the maid, she MIGHT tell the steward.

Coffee drinking is another indoor sport with various rules in vogue. Students should know that coffee, as soup, is to be imbibed and not inhaled. The sponge method introduced originally at the more select gatherings by Robert W. Grant, is accepted as the standard for the local Plumbers and Boilermakers. A demi-tasse is necessary here as a full cup is susceptible to overflowing upon the immersing of the bread or toast. The main annoyance encountered here is that the well-liquidated toast on its journey from receptacle to receiver frequently drops stray coffee down the diner's sleeve. A local haberdasher has introduced a timely fad to comply with this, in the form of detachable cuffs of stencilled blotting paper.

This is a mere portion of our publication—Mister Small-Town boy and others in need of polishing their social behaviour—write to us to-day.

DETENTION DILLUSIONS.

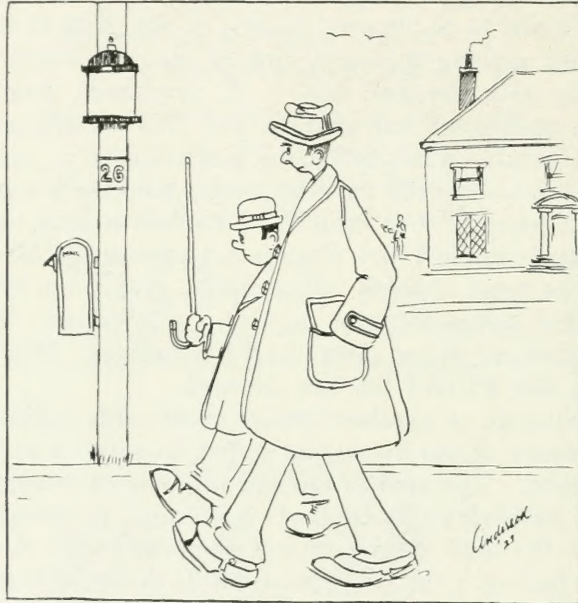
Going to Shea's, front row seat,
"A" in the aisle, can't be beat,
Tea dance later, King Eddy to eat,
Early in week, met master on street.
Double gating follows, ruin complete.

After the mixed time-table arrangements last month:

Mr. Fleming: "Where is IVA to be found now?"

Mr. Findlay: "IVA is now IVB in C, but you see IVB in IVA."

"I must ever be above the common crowd," quoth the conscientious prefect, as he bought a seat in the "gods."



A DEAD CERTAINTY

First Matriculant: "Our presiding officer should make a good coroner."

Second Matriculant: "How come?"

First Matriculant: "He is used to conducting a stiff examination."

When it comes to heavy love affairs, did you ever notice the boys in action at the Rosedale rink almost any afternoon? She is cuteness itself, beer-keg waistline, and as a lady fair to our outdoor sheiks she carries more weight than any girl we know.

Heading in the *Daily Mail and Empire* on Februth 28th: "High School Boys Help to Run Beer." At S.A.C. it is Beer who helps to run the boys!

Anthology on the Excitement:

Edwire McLennan, tearing in at about a mile a century, starting to study, then remembering to inform lads of the fire in the neighbouring building. The dinner-bell rush to get out. One of the boys realizing his long ambition to smash glass of fire-alarm. Al. Cameron packing trunk. Joe Cameron rushing to save his share of the famous Cameron writing paper. Jack Dymont, pushing through choking smoke to rescue history notes. Chick Brunt holding high-pressure hose while three firemen take rest. Extinct humourist pulling usual wise crack, "Who is smoking in the gym?"



Investigating Officer (sharply): "I suppose this fire was the result of some carelessness."

Pte. Dumb (seeking to defend himself): "B...but...sir..."

I. O. (ever alert): "Butt eh? I will teach you where to throw your lighted cigarettes in the future."

Day boys helping out by cheering boarders on from five hundred yards, and aiding in the consumption of the fire-fighters' coffee. Murchison, a la Nero, playing while "Rome" burned. Fair rescuing Sax, and Broom rescuing Johnny. Thurber carefully avoiding any stray water from hoses. Willie Murchison saving the day by breaking windows on other side of school. Al. Cortina, on knees

in mud puddle looking for oysters. Lorn Chamberlain struggling through to find room with the best draught. Lack of red-type headlines in morning papers. The whole building soaked for smoking.

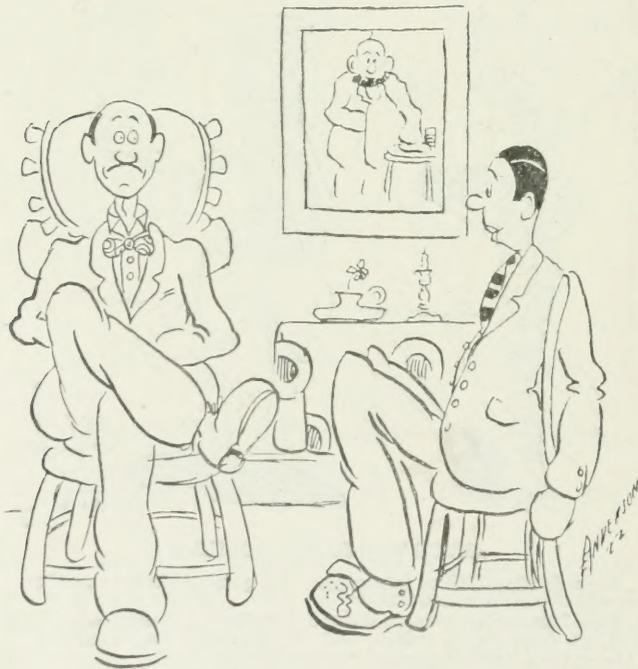
IMMORTAL WORDS.

"I wonder where that night-watchman is?"

"Whoa, Lorny just loves smoke."

"'Tis damp here, would that I were in Sunny Argentino. New boy, run and bring my rubbers."

Onlooker: "Is that the building where the dogs are kept?"



AFTER THE REPORT ARRIVES

Inquisitive Father: "How is it you were in the Sick Room just at Examination time? Have a cold and afraid of the flu?"

Confused Andrean: "Not exactly sir. Had a hunch and afraid of the French."

St. Andrew's College Toronto

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IT takes a good cutter to turn out the suit that a particular man will wear.

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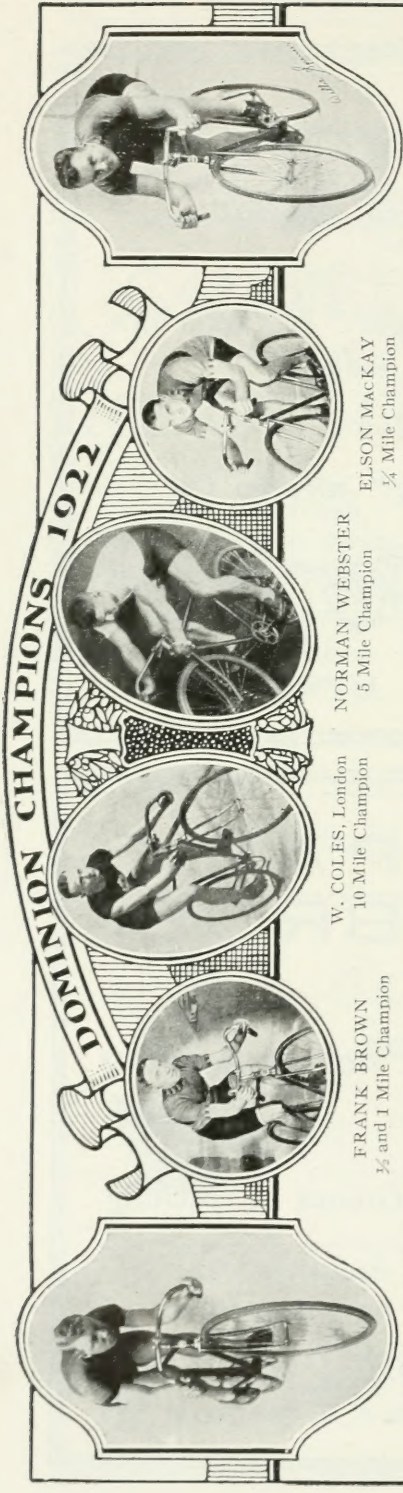
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